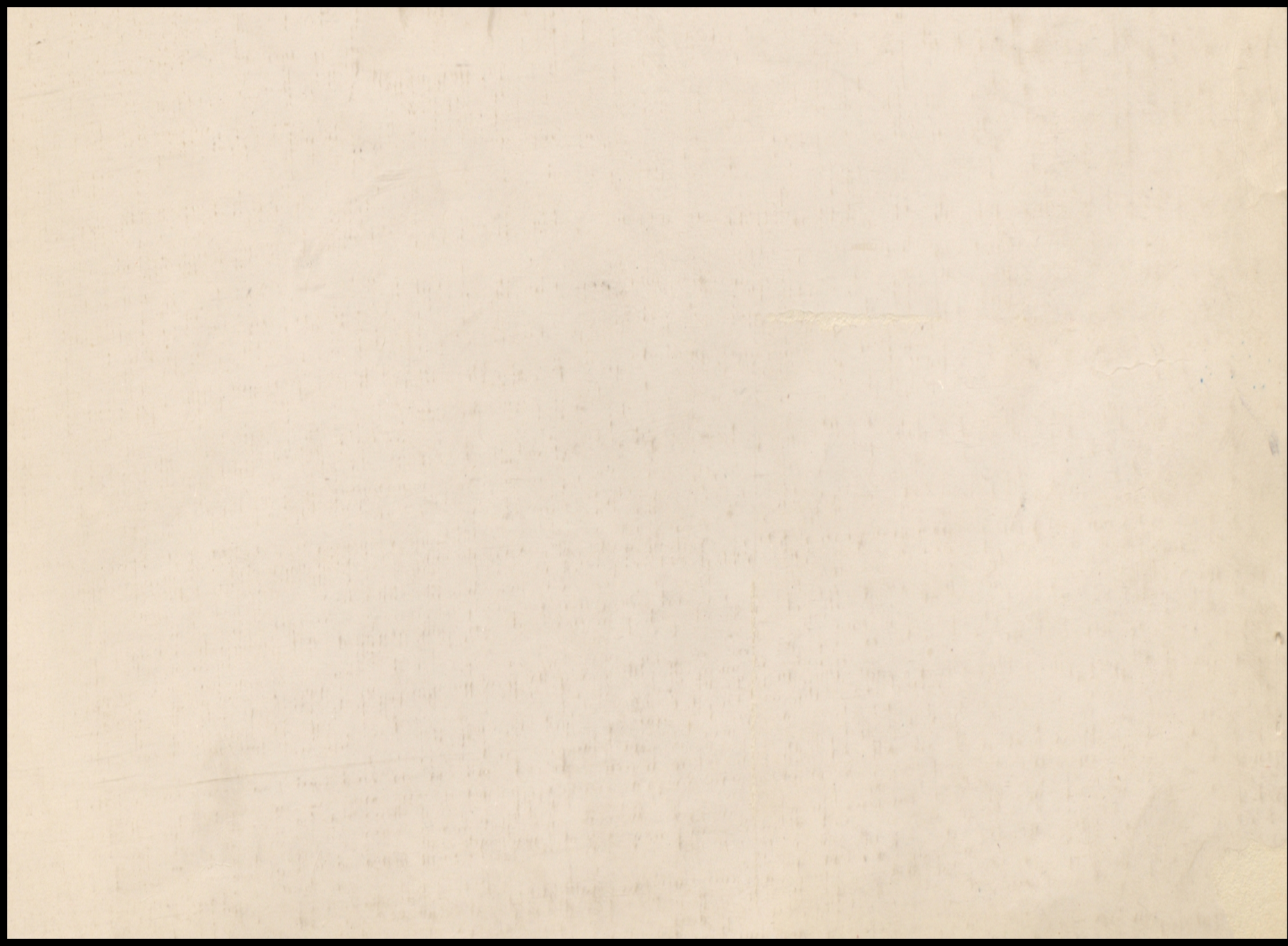


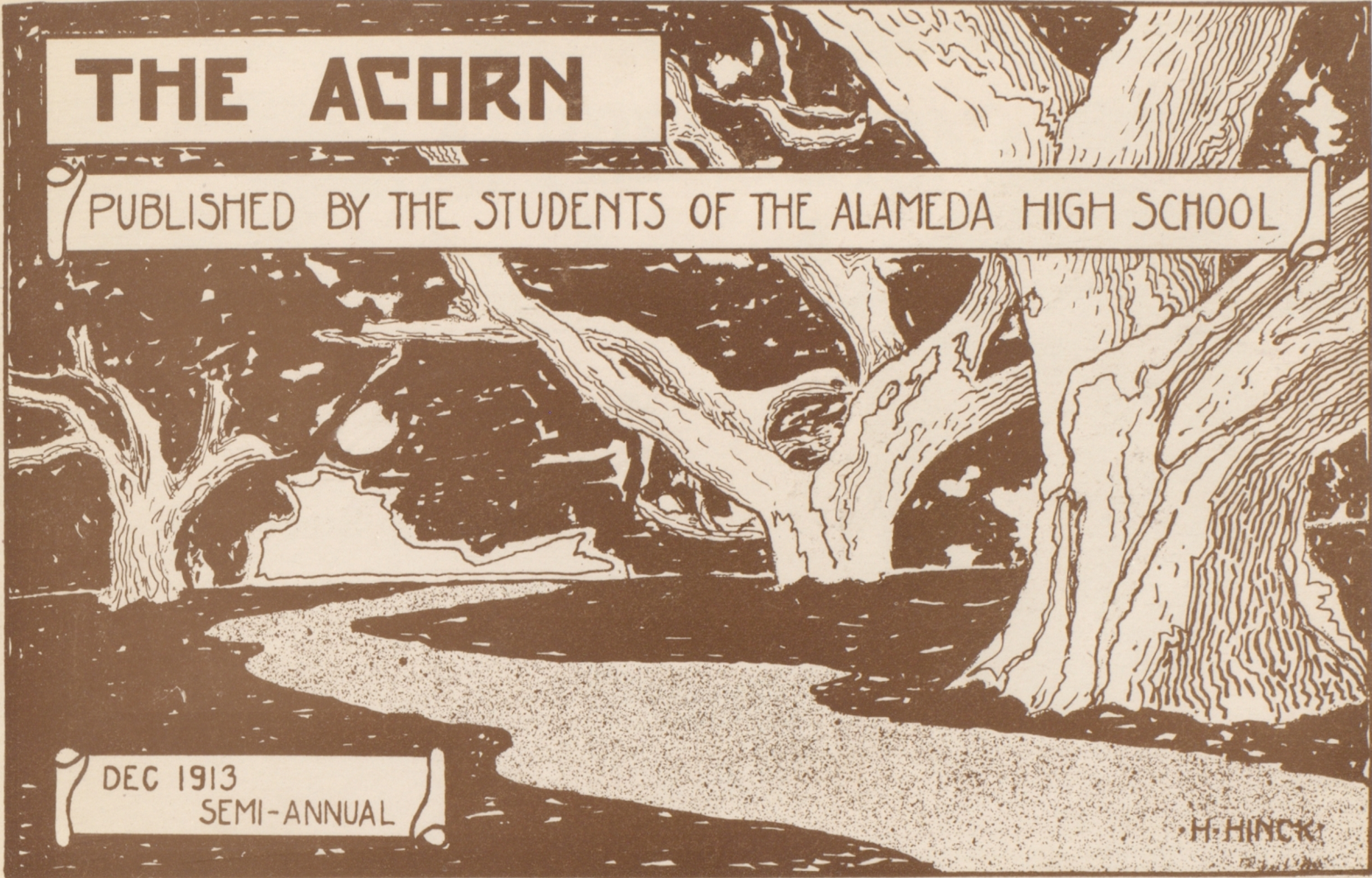








THE ACORN



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

DEC 1913
SEMI-ANNUAL

H. HINCK



To
Dr. George C. Thompson

and the
Members of the faculty

We, the Students of the
Alameda High School
gratefully dedicate this issue of the
“Acorn”

APPRECIATION

K. P. ETTER



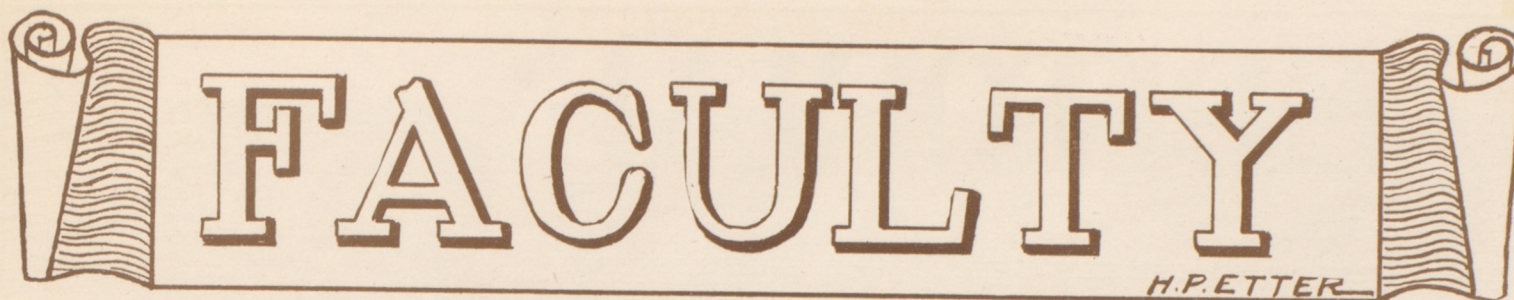
THE editors of the ACORN of December, 1913, take this opportunity to thank the Faculty for advice, the printers and engravers for professional counsel, the contributors for many articles whether accepted or not, the "Star and Key" for stimulating interest, the

High Senior Class for financing and managing its own department, and especially to thank the advertisers for the necessary financial support. We do not thank the purchasers of the ACORN, because we have labored to make the present issue of such worth that thanks will be due to us.



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(Ph. B., California, 1899.)

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MISS PAULINE BALDWIN.....Spanish
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(B. L., California, 1899.)

MISS ALICE COHEN.....English

MISS MARY F. CONNELLY.....History, Commercial
(B. L., California, 1912.)

MR. C. M. DANIELS.....Latin
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(B. L., California, 1903.)

MISS SUSIE L. DYER.....Botany, Zoology, Hygiene
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MISS L. EDITH HAIR.....Commercial Branches
(California, 1911.)

MISS LUCILLE HEWETT.....Algebra, Physical Geography
(B. S., California, 1902.)

MR. RICHARD F. PHELPS.....Manual Training

MISS EDNA POTWIN.....History, English, Algebra
(B. L., California, 1903.)

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(Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art, 1896.)

MR. A. BLAINE ROBERTS.....History
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S. N. S., Manual Arts and Home Economics, Santa Barbara.)

MISS HELEN C. TORNOE.....Freehand and Mechanical Drawing
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MISS BERTHA VOLLMAR.....Latin, German



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Editorials



The Growth of the "Acorn."



SMALL journal yellow with age is at hand. It contains but three leaves, and is made up of a poem, a story, a few interesting articles, editorials, local and high school notes, and the ever present "ads."

The paper bears the inscription, "Alameda, January 6, 1890. Vol. I, No. 1." The heading is "The Acorn," in large black letters, and beneath these letters appears the motto, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

So this was the modest beginning of our paper! How true has that well known proverb used by the first "Acorn" as a motto proved in this case. Our oak of course has not yet reached its full growth, but we must remember that oaks are not like mushrooms. A comparison of this number with previous issues of the "Acorn" will indicate that the growth of our paper, though not rapid, is substantial, like that of the sturdy oak, and is in accordance with the steady growth of our school.



The "Star and Key" Story Contest.



GAIN the ACORN has the pleasure of publishing the best stories from the "Star and Key" story contest. Too much praise cannot be given to this society in bettering the literary department of the ACORN. There were also many other splendid stories handed

in, but lack of space prevented us from using them. This brings out the fact that writing for the ACORN has become a custom. It is certainly a good custom, and we take this opportunity to thank the "Star and Key" for doing much toward starting it.



The School Library.



HE library has come to be one of the most important factors in the school. Installed at the back of the study hall in handsome oak cases, the books are at hand so that the willing student may deepen his information and widen his mental vision.

The library contains about 2500 volumes, the greater part having been added within the past three years. A corps of seventeen students is receiving instruction in library methods and is engaged in cataloguing and numbering the books, according to the Cutter and Dewey system. A catalogue cabinet with a triple system of author, title and subject-card index is being formulated.

It is to be hoped that the Board of Education will increase the yearly stipend in order that the library may continue to grow. We believe that Carlyle was right when he said that a library was the true university.

The Reno Question.

 HE precedent during the past three years has been established that the Alameda High football team should go to Reno, to play football, and then for the Reno team to come to Alameda to play a return game. The question arises, "Is this a thoroughly good proposition?" The answer seems always to be "NO."

First: Our purpose in this Reno affair is to give the A. H. S. football team a trip as a reward for turning out all season. It has been said, that if the team did not get this trip they would cease football. Is this school spirit? If the fellows in this school turn out just for their own personal gain they should not be representatives of Alameda High. Even if the team deserves a trip, they have had one each season to Palo Alto, which is certainly more than most high school football teams get.

Second: Great expense is incurred. It is understood that it will be paid back by the team. How? It is partly paid back by giving entertainments. If these affairs reimbursed the school treasury it would be different, but they make little more than expenses. Every one knows that the student body is not in a sound financial condition. It has incurred heavy expenses during the football seasons and if these affairs are given to pay the way of eighteen fellows to Reno, and not to reimburse the treasury, it certainly seems a foolish idea.

Third: Credit toward graduation is given for athletic endeavor. To receive school credit, certain exemption from studies, frequent privileges, the rewards to "heroes," and then to seek to have expensive trips to remote places is to under-

mine true school spirit and to kill voluntary and profitable athletics.

So, fellow students, let us debate this question of sending the team to Reno. Let us find some form of athletic and social entertainment in which all can partake, and not just eighteen fellows.



The New Course.



URING this term a regular course of musicales and lectures has been instituted. Although attendance at these monthly occasions is required, the coöperation and interest of the pupils is necessary in order that the programs be more frequent, and that they may be of real value to the listeners.



In Conclusion.

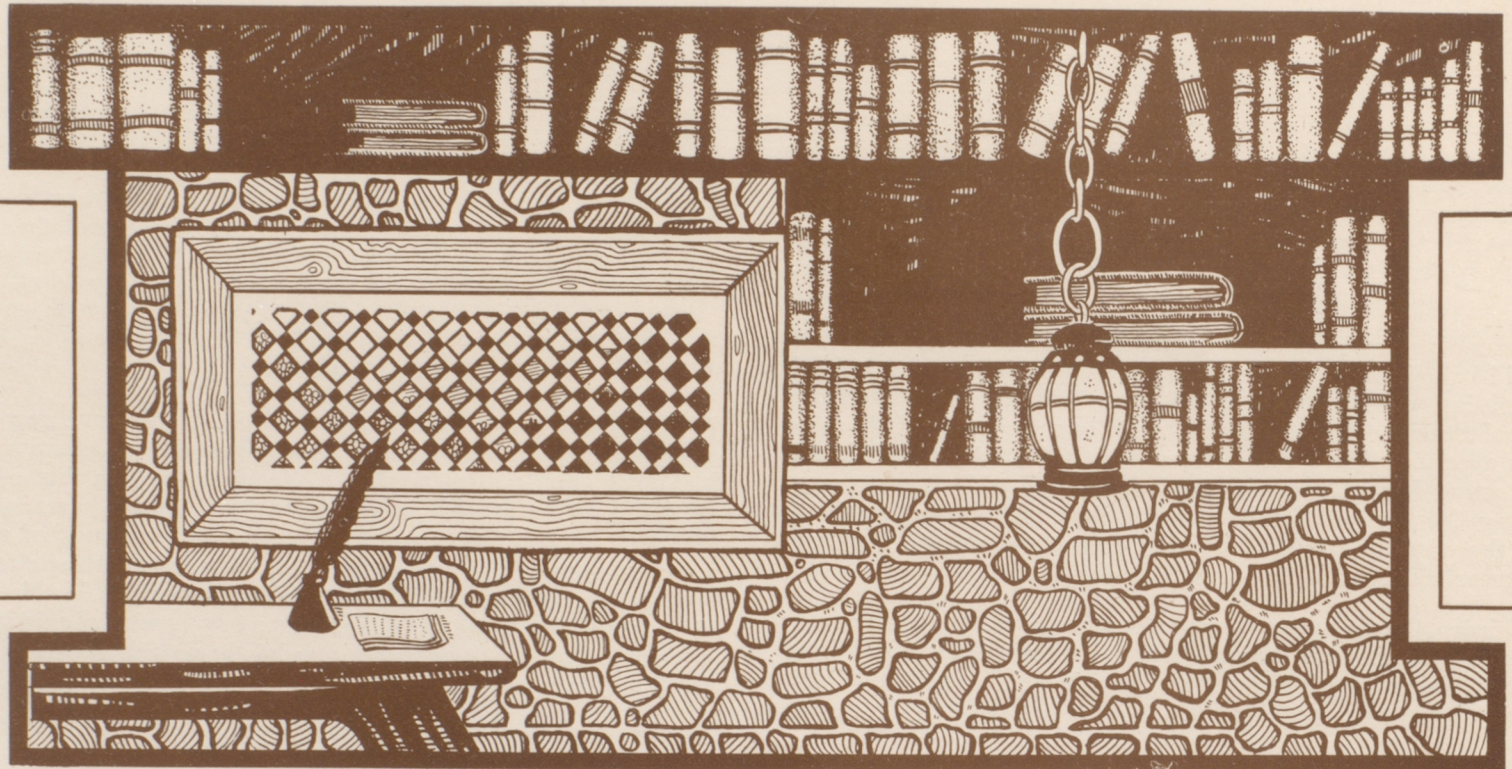


HE ACORN staff rejoices that its pleasant responsibility has ceased now that the publication has reached its readers. We have tried in this edition to represent some of the lighter interests of the school and to indicate some of the bonds of union among the students, such as class organizations, athletic teams, and societies organized for work and fellowship. If this book gives evidence of the good feeling and comradeship existing in our school, the work of the editors has been well accomplished.

—THE EDITORS.



LITERARY



R. BARKER

The Outlaw

First Prize.



HERE are many people in America who believe that the great West, or rather the spirit of the West, is dead. They think that cattle raising, and ranching are things of the past, and have the idea that the far-famed cowboy is already out of existence, only to be seen in picture shows and on the stage. Look out the window of the observation car when stopping at some little God-forsaken desert town, and one will see in front of the town "watering" place (both for man and beast), a string of wiry horses. These horses are typical cow-horses, and their owners and masters are typical cowboys. If one could see them as they stand inside, one would see vigorous, alert men with the love of excitement showing in their keen eyes, men bronzed with the desert sun, and each slightly bow-legged from constant riding. The cowboy is far from being a thing of the past.

But enough of the cowboy in general; let me turn to the story I am to tell. The story is not, as the title might indicate, the story of a bandit or robber, but the story of a "bad" horse,—an outlaw horse.

The Fishe ranch is a large tract of land lying in Southern California and Western Arizona. It consists of some one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land, most of which is fit for cattle raising.

There is a small town on it of a few frame houses, a Santa Fe station and a saloon. Back in the foothills about three miles is the ranch house. The ranch house, built of adobe with walls three feet thick, surrounded with immense poplar trees, is in

the Spanish style with a court or "patio" in the middle. A little to the south a large creek gurgles and gushes, and runs far away on the plain at the foot of the hills into the Terrano river. Back of the house are the stables, and to the north of the stables is the bunk-house, where the men live, built on the same plan as the ranch house.

The owner of the ranch, Colonel Fishe, had among his other horses a few outlaw broncos. The most famous of these was a blue roan called "Blue Blazes," which was known all over the two states for its ability to unseat its rider. His coat was not exactly blue, but a sort of dark mottled gray, which when seen at a distance appeared dark blue, and it was this appearance that won him his name. Colonel Fishe was so proud of owning the most famous "bucker" of the country, that he offered a challenge of one thousand dollars to a rider of the horse. Cowboys had come from Nevada, Wyoming, Utah, and even Montana, to say nothing of the local vaqueros. All had failed, for "Blue Blazes" had thrown them all, and three he had killed by falling over backwards on them. Yet still the offer stood, and there were always takers, for scarcely a week passed without some cowboy attempting to ride the redoubtable bronco. The horse was constantly kept in practice, and with this practice he attained utmost proficiency in the art of bucking. He became so expert that he would gauge his bucks, and knowing just how and when to buck, it was a rare occasion indeed when a cowboy managed to ride him for more than three jumps.

The Fourth of July was approaching and a celebration was

planned. Now, a cowboy Rodeo is not a mere shooting off of fire-crackers and sending up of rockets; it is invariably a trial of strength and skill. The Fishe Rodeo was known to be a contest worthy of the best cowboys for two hundred miles, and consequently no small crowd was expected on the Fourth of which I am telling. Colonel Fishe had had two fat steers killed and there was to be a big barbecue. Several cowboys from distant points had written offering to ride "Blue Blazes" and their offers had been accepted. It was planned to have the main event in the afternoon; while the lesser events such as bull-dogging, rope-throwing and racing were to take place in the morning on the plain at the foot of the hills.

The morning of the Fourth dawned with the clearness expected of arid lands, and the thirty cowboys on the ranch looked forward to a great day. People began to ride in as early as seven o'clock. Before going down to the plain the Colonel ordered one of the cowboys to stay and guard his broncos, which were to be kept in the stable until time for the bucking contests that afternoon. One can imagine that the cowboy was not in the best of humor, but the promise of a day off made him agree to remain. There were several broncos to be guarded, and Colonel Fishe gave particular orders that they should be fed and watered before being led down. Let us leave our lonely cow-puncher sitting disconsolately by the stable door, his eyes glued to a pair of field-glasses, watching the distant events, and let us go down and see from a nearer point of vantage.

The scene was one of animation. On the left in a grove of trees, preparations were going on for the barbecue, while on the plain the sports were taking place. The cowboys as they stand there are not in holiday dress, but in their every-day working clothes. All wear heavy leather chaps, some of goat-skin with the hair left on, others of plain sun-tanned leather

with large silver buckles running down the leg. Below the chaps or "chapereros" are boots made of fine soft leather, fit for any lady to wear and well suited to her, too, for all cowboy boots have high heels. Attached to the heels of the boots are large spurs, the rowels commonly made of a silver dollar. The cowboy's apparel is made complete by the addition of a high crown felt hat, a blue or black shirt, a brightly colored bandanna, and the ever-present six-shooter. The revolver is sometimes carried in a holster at the hip, sometimes in the hip pocket, and frequently, when chaps are not worn and the pants are tucked in the boots, it is carried in the boot itself.

Old and young, women and children alike, lined upon the brush-covered plain to watch their men perform. First came the bull-dogging contest. A large steer was turned loose to run on the plain. A cowboy pursued him on his horse; and when he came abreast to the running animal, seized the horns, and hanging on to these, threw himself from the saddle. The momentum from his spring carried him over the steer's neck; and since he was holding tightly to the steer's horns, he twisted the animal's head as he went. The man lit on his feet, facing forward, the steer's head twisted far back and to the side. With a quick powerful jerk the cowboy twisted the steer's head back until the animal's legs gave way beneath him and he fell heavily to the ground. This was done time and again until all who cared to had tried, and he who had done the feat the quickest won the prize.

A bull riding contest was next on the program, and this was run off in quick order. The bulls invariably threw the cowboys, although some managed to stay mounted a minute or so. To see a great bull bucking and bellowing with a man clinging to his back is a sight worth seeing, and the crowd cheered themselves hoarse. Men now took to throwing the lasso, some from horseback, some on foot. Cattle were run past; and when

the ropes shot out among them, some unwilling bovine was dragged from its fellows. The prize was awarded to the man who threw the best figure-eight loop—a loop which encircles the head of the animal, crosses over, and entangles the feet. After these exhibitions the crowd adjourned to the grove to eat and to talk over the feats of the morning and the coming interests of the afternoon.

Now let us return to the cowboy left alone at the ranch house. He was sitting where we left him at early morning, drinking his noon coffee and playing solitaire, when a slight noise in the back of the stable attracted his attention. The man was instantly on the alert, for one of the inborn traits of the cowboy is his ability to fix his whole attention on a certain event without moving the least muscle or betraying any emotion. The first thought was that some one was trying to meddle with the horses. He had heard of horses being doped, and he realized that the offer of one thousand dollars might lead some one of the riders to try and fix "Blue Blazes." He silently drew forth his revolver, stooped down and removed his spurs so that their clinking might not arouse the suspicion of any prowler, and peered cautiously in at the stable door. A glance assured him, however, that all was well with the horses. Listening carefully, he now located the noise as coming from the loft above. It seemed to come from one corner, and sounded as though some one were scraping the floor with a pitchfork. More and more uncertain, the cowboy listened. The scraping continued and then stopped. The listening man distinctly heard some one moving above and decided it was about time for him to take a part.

Clambering silently up the ladder to the loft, he stuck his head cautiously above the level of the floor. The sight made him gasp with astonishment. The loft was not full of hay, but there was a good deal of loose hay lying around on the floor, to

say nothing of a large pile over in one corner. A man was standing near this pile—a queer looking man he was, too. His clothes were ragged, his hair unkempt, his face unshaven. He had evidently raked all the loose hay over into the corner and was on the point of lighting it with a match. The cowboy immediately recognized the man as a section hand who had been jailed some months before for trying to break into the Fishe ranch house. He had sworn revenge, and the cowboy realized that the man would have his revenge unless some speedy action were taken. Once the barn was on fire, what would become of the horses, the ranch houses and the great stacks of hay, near at hand? The cowboy raised his revolver, and just as the man stooped to apply the match, he shot. The man pitched forward with a cry; but too late, he had accomplished his purpose. Flames began to creep up the sides of the pile of hay. The cowboy rushed over to the pile, dragged the groaning man out of the way and attempted to extinguish the rapidly mounting flames. But it was too late, for the flames were rapidly licking toward the top of the stack, and soon would be beyond control. Water was out of the question. The first care must be for his horses. The horses had already smelt smoke and were beginning to whine restlessly. Twenty-five wild, frightened, half-mad horses on his hands; what would he be able to do? Would the men below notice the smoke? He thought it unlikely, as they were some distance away, and back of a grove of trees. He must get the horses out as best he could, and ride for help. Ride, yes, but ride what? One of the crazed, terrorized broncos mad with smell of smoke? Something must be done, and done quickly.

He seized the wounded man and carried him below. Luckily the horses were not as restless as he had feared. He took a blanket, wrapped it around the first horse's head and led him forth. Twenty-five times he did this, and when the last horse

was led out and tied to the tree, the flames were commencing to appear on the dry roof. The cowboy instinctively knew that if the burning cinders of the barn blew over onto the roof of the ranch house, a hundred yards off, it too would catch fire. He determined to ride and get assistance.

He rushed across the barnyard, took his saddle and bridle, and threw the saddle on the nearest of the horses standing tied. He cast a fleeting glance at the burning barn, ran over to a heap of empty bottles, one of which he picked up, filled with water, and placed in his chaps. He returned, mounted the horse and dug his spurs in deep.

For the next five minutes, the cowboy had no idea of what was happening. Around and around the barn yard the horse went tearing, bucking all the time, up in the air, down stiff-legged, head low, and every muscle tight. Every time the horse came down, the rider's teeth met with a click and a sickening jolt went through him. Every now and then he glanced at the barn and saw smoke brighten into flame, then he set his teeth and resolved to stay on the horse or die. Soon the horse changed his tactics; he began to rear. Up, up, up, he went on his hind legs. Twice he did this. The third time the cowboy knew he would not stop but would go clear over backwards. The man took the water-bottle from his pocket, and when the horse had reared high, he struck him full on the head with the bottle. The bottle burst and water dashed over the horse's head. The shock had both a stunning effect to the senses and nerves. The horse subsided for the time, and the man wiped

the sweat from his face and headed for the trail, down the hill to the plain beyond.

It was two miles to the barbecue field; and after about a mile of down hill going, the horse had sufficiently recovered spirit to recommence bucking. But the cowboy was equal to the occasion, and stooping he seized the horse's ears, and placing them in his mouth, bit them as hard as he could. The horse trembled, ceased bucking, and went back to his hard gallop. But when only a quarter of a mile from his goal, the horse again commenced to buck. His rider was too exhausted to check him, and could barely retain his seat in the saddle. At last he dimly saw forms rushing toward him, he heard cries and questions, and managed to gasp, "Barn on fire. Ride like Hell," and fell to earth.

When he came to, he was not on the plain, but up in the ranch house itself. The Colonel was sitting near and the rest of the Fishe family standing close around. The cowboy's thoughts returned to the afternoon and he murmured, "Did it burn?"

"Only the barn," said the Colonel, cheerfully. "We got here just in time to save the rest. And say," he continued, "that was great of you, tackling that half-mad Deigo, and then riding a man-killing outlaw like 'Blue Blazes' over two miles of steep trail. I reckon you will get the prize I offered and something else besides."

The cowboy merely muttered something unintelligible and proceeded to rub a few spots here and there.

—MORRIS CLARKE.

The Time of Their Lives

Second Prize.



LITTLE boy with wistful eyes stood staring up at the huge bill-board where was pasted the week's attractions at the Oakland Orpheum. It had always been his heart's desire to go to the Orpheum, and whenever he passed a bill-board he was forced to stop and devour it with his eyes. The brilliant red letters on the cheap white paper blazed forth the name of "Frosini—The Master of Music;" and the little boy who loved music above all things, could scarcely refrain from sobbing outright at the thought of not hearing the master and seeing all those beautiful people.

He was a mite of a boy with a freckled face and turned-up nose, and crowning him was a mop of bright hair. His clothing, while not dirty and ragged, was shabby and threadbare, and the tip of a little toe protruded from one of his shoes. He was very poor. His father, who had been an engineer on the Southern Pacific railroad, had been killed in a wreck near Los Angeles two years before, and now his mother was a struggling dressmaker with barely a customer to sustain herself and her two sons. This little fellow was ten years of age, and being the elder naturally did all the odd jobs he could to help his mother. His name was Peter Simms, but he was commonly known as Pete, while his brother, who was blessed with the name of Percival, was known only as Bub.

Pete had been very busy that day. Before going to school he had dried the dishes, and helped his mother clean the little three-room flat. When school was over, he set out immediately for Park street to see if he could find some odd work to do. As he neared Central avenue, he saw a sign—"Boy Wanted at

James' Millinery Store"—and, on applying at the door, had been told that the office was already filled, but that he could help deliver hats that afternoon. So all afternoon he delivered hats to their new owners, and his short legs were tired. On one of these trips he passed the Lincoln Park ballfield, and there he saw a wonderful baseball game going on between his school, the Longfellow, and a neighboring one, the Mastick. The teams were dressed in their school colors, red and white on one, yellow and black on the other. The benches were lined with little girls with their respective colors pinned on their dresses, who didn't seem to see him, and along the side lines were a great many boys, some of whom he knew, all shouting at the top of their lungs. One of the little boys, on seeing Pete, cried out:

"Come on, Pete, watch the game. It's just swell!"

How Pete longed to stay! Instead he said, bravely:

"Can't. So long," and started on again. After his work was over he started for home, with the newly earned sum of twenty-five cents in his pocket, and it was at the corner of San Jose avenue and Park street that he saw the Orpheum sign which set his heart to aching. His one compensation was that when he grew to be a man, the first money he earned that was really his, would be spent in a wonderful trip to the Orpheum.

When Pete reached home it was already dark, because he had walked a long way and the days were short. As he walked along, the electroliers seemed to be duller than usual, and he felt very unhappy as the trip to the Orpheum looked like a long way off, but he hurried along and soon reached his home. The flat where the Simms lived was in the northwestern part

of Alameda, near the canal. There were three other flats in the building, and from the front they presented a very sorry looking appearance. As he came up the stairs the door opened, and Bub stuck his head out, whispering.

"Mother's awful cross, Petey. Look out!"

Poor Mrs. Simms had had a hard day. Her customer had been more exacting than usual, and so she was tired. However, when Pete came in and gave her the twenty-five cents, she was cheered a little, and they sat down to their evening meal. The room, in truth, did not present a very cheery aspect, as it was papered a sickly yellow with amazing green birds flying around. There was very little furniture in the place; the table was covered with a red cloth with figures of dingy white woven in it. But as they were all hungry they soon forgot their troubles and ate with a relish.

The next day, Friday, Pete went through the same old routine again, first school, and then search of odd jobs. He wandered up and down Park Street, from Encinal to Santa Clara. Finding no work to do, and discouraged, he stopped in front of Westphal's Jewelry Store to admire a large gold clock in the window. Looking down, he saw at his feet a pocket-book—a real pocket-book—which looked as if it might have something in it. Quickly he opened it and found the whole sum of ten dollars! He could scarcely suppress a shout of joy, and putting it in his pocket, he started off on the run. Suddenly the thought came that the money must belong to somebody, and that he was robbing some one of it. Sick at heart, he turned back and, going into Westphal's, was about to deliver the purse to the salesman, when a lady next to him exclaimed, "What! Why, that's my purse, little boy! Where did you find it?"

He told her and then started for the door, feeling very weak, when suddenly the lady called, "Oh, little boy! Come here!"

With a beating heart he turned, and when the lady, after thanking him, placed a big silver dollar in his hand, he was overwhelmed with joy. He started for home so joyous that his heart seemed to be in his mouth, and when he bounded up the steps into the hall, he even admired the red wall paper with the yellow flowers, he was so happy. So it was decided that he and Bub should go to the Orpheum the next afternoon, for his mother said that he must spend this money all for himself and his own pleasure.

On Saturday afternoon they set out for Oakland, scrubbed and dressed and looking their finest. The people on the electric cars seemed gayer, and Lake Merritt fairly danced in the sun. Broadway was crowded with splendid people laughing and chatting, and the Orpheum on Twelfth street was thronged with waiting men, women and children. They bought their tickets and were ushered into the huge place which appeared a veritable fairyland to their amazed eyes. The ceilings were covered with little cupids and roses, and here and there peeped myriads of lights. The ushers hurried back and forth, and many beautifully dressed people passed up and down the aisles, while there was a great banging of seats and chatter of people.

There was a large advertising curtain and they played games with it. "L. F. C.," said Bub, and after a long search Pete found it in the second column to the right—"Lehnhardt's Finest Candies." "D. T.," he gave in his turn. Soon the advertising curtain went up, disclosing a lovely curtain with beautiful ladies dancing around a fountain in the background, while in the foreground were two lovers surrounded by cupids. When the orchestra played they gasped with astonishment, for never before had Pete seen such big violins or heard such wonderful drumming.

Then the performance began. The program read—"Carl Rosini—Assisted by Mlle. Margaret." The curtain rose, showing a purple velvet background, with a large clock on one side of the stage, and a table with various instruments on the other. Carl Rosini was a man who performed most amazing tricks, and Mlle. Margaret proved to be a lady with short dress and large plumed headgear. The man must have been a wizard, Pete thought, for who else could have swallowed an egg and have taken it from his foot? Who else could have hypnotized the clock, making it stop whenever and wherever the audience desired? The crowning event of the act was when the actor, having broken an egg in a chafing dish, produced a chicken. When the chicken cackled, little Bub roared with laughter until people around him smiled.

The next on the program was a beautiful lady with a long train, who sang and was called Franzeska. Her accompanist interested the boys the most. He had long flaxen hair which stood on end, and he was unmistakably Dutch in looks and actions. Then came the "Master of Music—Frosini," in a white suit with yellow braid on it. But oh, he could play the accordion! After this, came a skit where a man and woman were shown behind the scenes, and the boys laughed at the jokes and the songs. Then the curtain dropped for the intermission.

"What's them little things for, Petey?" asked Bub, pointing to the little box on the seat in front of him. Pete read the sign over twice, and then taking a dime from his precious money, he said, "They have chocolates in 'em, and we're going to have some!"

After much difficulty he finally opened the box, and my how they did enjoy those stale chocolates.

The curtain went up again, and a lady was shown posing as fourteen different statues. More singing followed this, and

finally the program wound up with two roller skaters who performed perfectly wonderful feats on skates.

After the theater was closed, the boys lingered outside to talk it over. How fast their tongues flew, and how bright were their eyes, and happy their smiles as they recalled again and again all the wonders they had seen.

"Say," said Pete, looking in his pocket, "we've got thirty cents left. How'd you like a soda?"

There was no doubt about Bub wanting one, so the two little boys set off down Washington street to the Owl Drug Store. There they perched upon a stool at the counter, and reveled in the ice cream soda which the Jap served them. The last drop being drunk, the boys began to think of home, as it was fast growing dusk.

Just as they were about to leave the store they passed the candy counter. There on top, was a fresh pile of Hershey's Nut Chocolate. Pete felt around in his pocket and found his last ten cents.

"Just the thing," he thought, "to bring home to mother."

"Give me a package of Hershey's," he said.

"Five cent size?" inquired the girl, chewing vigorously at her gum, while she selected a single lock of her front hair, held it tight with one hand while she rapidly pulled it back and forth to make it fuzz.

"No!" said Pete, swelling up his chest and feeling very important. "Five cent size is good enough for me, but this, you see, is for my mother," and he laid his last ten cents on the counter. Then hand in hand the two little boys set out briskly hastening through the dusk to mother.

—JEANNE STURTEVANT.

An Adventure With a Satyr

Third Prize.



VERY early, faint streaks of delicate pink gave the sky's promise of a beautiful day. The woods were dark and cavernous, even mysterious where the trees grew close. The air was fresh and pine-scented, and as I drew in a deep splendid breath, I remember thinking it was fit for the gods. As I sat on a rotted pine stump, viewing the grand industry of nature in piling and coloring morning clouds, my thoughts strangely shifted into day-dreams—dreams of the most wonderfully fantastic and fairy-like things imaginable. Everything about me seemed to accord with my present thoughts. The branches formed into unusual shapes, and even in the fleecy clouds I could distinguish a great variety of animals and figures. There I sat while the minutes drowsed, and it was only when I heard a faint sound further back in the woods, like the sigh of a leaf falling here and there, that I awoke from my reverie. As the rustle continued my curiosity grew, and I started to investigate.

A few moments later I found myself in a large open space surrounded by huge, wide-spreading pines. I was naturally surprised, for this part of the country was said to be very heavily wooded. What first caught my attention was a blossoming vine that wreathed the trees. I have never seen anything since quite like it, but the flowers were similar in their trumpet-shape to our Morning Glory. While there was not even the softest breeze, these strange flowers nodded and swayed, and cast about their morning-scented fragrance.

Once again I heard the odd sound, and stepping forward I beheld the most grotesque, the ugliest creature I ever thought to see. It was very short of stature, but had arms and legs that were freakishly long. It had little stubby horns protruding from a close-cropped head, and a fat, pudgy nose. I was evidently as strange an object to it as it was to me, and we

stood staring at each other absurdly. He began nodding his head encouragingly, and motioned me to follow him. He led me over to the blossoming vine, mumbling aloud, and, evidently with a definite purpose in mind, plucked one of the flowers and motioned for me to place it to my ear. To my astonishment, the flower was attracted and stuck fast, its cup closing snugly over my ear—almost a perfect fit!

Instantly all was changed between us, and we grew quite friendly; but most amazing of all, when he spoke I understood every word, and his voice was exquisite, a soft, mellow alto. When he spoke he gesticulated profusely, and at times emphasized his words by rising and standing on the tips of his hoofs. For the first time I noticed that his legs were shaggy and his feet like those of a goat. His first words were:

"A Satyr am I, through the woods of Pan,
I see things unseen by the eyes of man;
It happens this day 'tis festal time,
The satyrs and nymphs must each speak in rhyme.
To Juno, great Juno, full praises we sing,
When all for her good wishes we bring.
But fear you not me, I'll do you no harm,
For you, a mere mortal, know nothing of charm;
But haste to the pines if you would see
The merriest of woodland minstrelsy."

I soon found myself near a tree-top, astride a thick limb, with a splendid view of the whole space. I had evidently been none too soon, for suddenly I heard a great rumbling run through the earth, in the midst of which I heard my friend, the Satyr, call to me:

"Hist! List! And close your eyes—
Woe! Him, who this law defies."

I instantly closed my eyes and heard a great swarming of feet, accompanied by a loud chatter of voices. Then all became very still—so quiet that I could hear something breathing below me. Then I heard a whisper from my friend, the Satyr:

"Speak not one word, but open your eyes,

View the fair scene that before you lies.

But fear you not me, I'll do you no harm.

For you, a mere mortal, what know you of charm?"

In my eagerness to see, I hardly heard this rhythmic warning and opening my eyes, I found myself in a huge cave, flickeringly lighted by thousands of fire-flies darting hither and thither. No words, no matter how well written or how eloquently spoken, could fittingly picture the sylvan haven of tall dark pines, and glowing fire-flies, and the picturesque collection of shaggy Satyrs, of tricky Nymphs, of leafy Dryads, and of laughing, merry-eyed Fauns. At the farthest end was a grand stage, the footlights of which were a semi-circle of giant fire-flies. My pulses were bounding and my throat choking through sheer inability to take in this faerie picture.

A rugged Satyr appeared on the stage and kissed his hand to the audience. Every single fire-fly, with the exception of the footlight flies, put out its light, and for the first time I noticed, scattered among the leaves, the tiny sparkle of glow-worms. A Faun and a Fay tripped lightly on the stage. The Faun looked very much like the Satyrs, but the timid graceful Fay was beautiful. She was dressed in wave-sprays, which twinkled like jewels as the soft glow-worm light fell upon them. The Faun began to sing, the Fay dancing all the time.

"You plucked a flower from off a tree

And held it out,—came nearer me.

You saw my joy and then you frowned;

I saw the flower fall to the ground,

I started to leave, some solace to seek.

You took the flower—gave it a kiss,

And why, dear heart, not me that bliss?"

They ran off the stage together, and then followed a ritualis-

tic, and to me rather absurd, religious ceremony, after which came a tragic pantomime between a Satyr and a Water-nymph. The Satyr, after trying in vain to win the Nymph for his bride, drank the poisonous sap of a pine tree, and while dying sorrowfully chanted a dirge, which, however, failed to affect the Nymph.

This last seemed to appeal greatly to the audience, and it was not until an important looking Satyr crowned with pine needles appeared on the stage, that the applause died away. He was obviously the last on the program, and bowing very low, he sang:

"Heigh ho! And bubble,

To sing is no trouble,

So I sing to the trees of the glade;

Heigh ho! The trees,

As they sway in the breeze,

A bed for us all they have made;

Heigh ho! Pan plays

To Satyrs and Fays,

In notes so golden and deep;

When he plays on his rush,

All worldly things hush,

And eyelids lie heavy in sleep."

The last line was echoed softly by the audience as they disappeared in the shadows of the trees. Once again I heard and felt the great rumble run through the earth. I fell from the limb and when I hit the ground, I found myself sprawling in a ridiculous position, a couple of yards from the pine-stump!

I rose and rubbed my eyes, scanning the sky, I saw the sun, a fiery red ball, about to disappear below the western horizon. I had spent a whole day at this woodland entertainment! It was true, I had gone out into the country to spend the day, but little did I dream that the day held for me such an unusually wonderful experience, which in my mind far excels the thrilling adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and his man, Friday.

—RUSSELL G. MEDCRAFT.

Herald's Speech - To be spoken before a Shakespeare play



HAIR and Honored Gentlefolk: Know ye that William Shakespeare, Gentleman of Stratford, hath been falsely accused of black magic; his enemies declaring (1st) that he hath caused the poverty of strolling mummer-folk, (2nd) that he hath borne heavily on the shoulders of little children, causing to them tears and much striving, and (3rd) that by doubtful phrase he hath created strife among doctors learned in ways of speech.

Know ye, that we loyal knights declare his magic to be white magic; his spells being compounded of **country-simples** gathered in spring time by little maids; of **bitters** that cleanse the soul of its melancholy; of **violets** whose odour stirs dead ashes of remembrance; of **moon-mist** that patters the fairy-rings in twilight meadows with flickering footprints; of **frankincense** that sways in grey spirals from cathedral censers.

Know ye that the accused hath ever been the champion of fair ladies and their true lover; for he hath brought the damsel Viola through the far off nesses of Illyria, and the true-wife Imogen through the bracken and forests of Britain; also that he hath rescued the lady Isabella from her peril and given her true love to the Demoiselles Rosalind of Ardennes and Beatrice of Messina.

Wherefore, we deem him to be possessed of white magic, for to that which decays he hath given life; to be true alchemist, for of that which rusts he hath made gold.

Wherefore, we will fight for his fair fame and long continuance, that life may be of high emprise for youths, that good women may see their dreams of youth come true, and that old men may know again the youth that stirs throughout the world.

Given under my charge to be delivered unto you in this meeting place by

—A. F. AGARD.

Malcolm, Son of Duncan.

Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.

Horatio, of Denmark.

Hal, Prince of England.

Ballad of Waiting

By Mabel Baird

LONG the country, by the shore,
The folk do flee frae me,—
Now am I gaunt, and pale, and wild,
And glittering of e'e.

"I wish the winds may never cease,
Nor moaning o' the flood,
Till that false lord come hame again,
In earthly flesh and blood!"
(Hark! How the winds shriek o'er the lea!
O wist ye the wail o' the sea?)

The clouds grow dark, the winds grow loud;
"Is that a ship I see?"
Sae wae some wail the water-sprites,
"Comes Roland back to me?"

The winds have ceased, the sun shines bright,
The ship sailed in frae sea,
The masts seemed all o' beaten gold,
The sails o' taffetie.

Upon the deck a tall dark maid
Sat on Lord Roland's knee,
His chin was pressed upon her head,
A red, red rose was she.

And she was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay,
On her finger a ring of gold,—
Lord Roland led the way.

"Auld woman, wand'ring by the shore,
I doubt thy fearsome e'e!"
"O, cum awa', my lady fair,
She'll do na harm to thee!"

He tossed to me a braid gold coin;
"Auld witch woman," quoth he,
"Now cast ye spells and wish ye well,
For my rose-flower and me!"
(Hark! How the winds howl o'er the lea!
O', wist ye the scream o' the sea?)

He took her by the milk-white hand,
And by the scarlet sleeve,
He led her to his castle strong,
And there they twa do live.

In summer, when the leaves grow green,
And birds fly wild in trees,
Lord Roland would a-hunting ride,
Some pasture for to see.

"O, Roland, for my benison
I beg ye stay at hame!
For wine sae red, for well-baked bread,
My lord, ye shall want nane.

O, I ha' dreamed a dreary dream,
I ken I dinna lee,
Gin ye gae hunting this fair morn
Now surely shall ye dee!"

When night is gone and birds do sing
And day begins to peep,
Lord Roland forth to hunting rides;
Well may the red rose weep!

Lord Roland is a-hunting gone,
Upon a dappled gray,
His good yew bow hung by his side,
And far he rode away.

Now ha' I made a man o' wax,
A man o' wax sae red,
When in the flame the wax shall melt,
Lord Roland shall be dead.

The flame leaps up, the wax doth run,
Like blood it doth run red,

The vesper bell chimes slow and dull,
A knell as for the dead.
(Hark! How the winds hush o'er the lea!
O, wist ye the sigh o' the sea?)

He cries, he melts before a fire!
His life is well-nigh gane;
He calls my name in agony!
My heart it is a stane.

E'en birds ha' sung and e'en bells rung,
A' men are boune to rest.
The red rose stands on castle wa',
And looks out to the west.

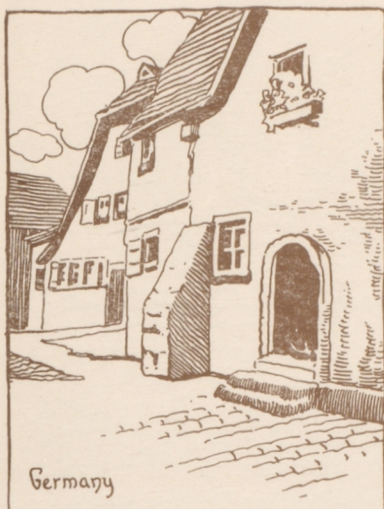
The merrie maids cum frae the hay,
The young men frae the corn,
But hame again frae that hunting,
Lord Roland is na borne.

Hame comes his horse, hame come his hounds,
His hawk flies frae the west;
The red rose greets and looks in vain,
He comes ne'er hame to rest.
(Hark! How the winds wail o'er the lea!
O, wist ye the moan o' the sea?)



My Summer Outing in Europe

By William S. Rice



would bring home knowledge, must take knowledge with him." This is indeed true, but no matter how familiar one may be through the medium of books and photographs, the monuments of Europe are sure to be a surprise on beholding them for the first time. Occasionally one may be disappointed in their coloring, but never in the size nor grandeur of the temples, cathedrals or palaces. When it comes to the works of the master painters, I must confess that no reproductions can possibly do them justice. One must see the originals in all the glory and



It has been said that "A person visiting for the first time the old homes of art and history experiences about as much of pleasure as this world has to give."

For many years I had longed to experience this pleasure, but it was not until last summer that this dream was realized.

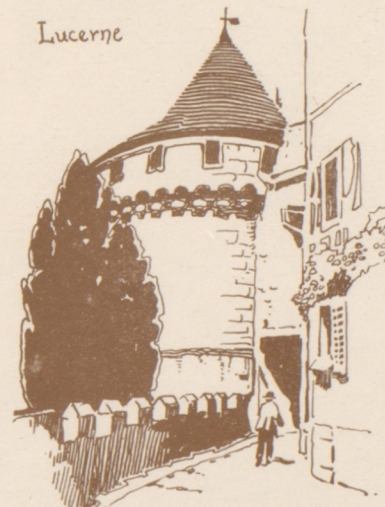
Dr. Samuel Johnson states that, "He who from travel

mellowness of their coloring to obtain the keenest pleasure in studying them.

Sailing from New York July 1, I reached Naples July 13, stopping on July 10 at Gibraltar for three hours. Other places visited in Italy were Pompeii, Sorrento, Capri, Rome, Florence, Milan, Fiesole, Venice, the Italian Lakes; in Switzerland, Lucerne and the Swiss Lakes; Germany, Rothenberg, Munich, Mayance, the Rhine and Cologne; in France, Paris, Versailles and Chartes; in England, London and Hampton Court; Scotland, Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford, Edinburgh, the Scotch Lakes and Glasgow, landing in Quebec September 9.

The conductor of our party of five drawing teachers was himself a teacher of art in a New England College, consequently the aim of the class was the enrichment of personal life and enlargement of professional power along art lines, to quicken appreciation by stu-

Lucerne





is less spoiled by the spirit of modern times and which consequently furnish much material for sketch books and cameras. Some of the novel features of my trip were a half day's drive in Rome to the Coliseum and through the main thor-

oughfares of the city to the Borghese Gardens, an evening in a gondola on the Grand Canal at Venice, an all-day trip by steamer down the picturesque Rhine, a half-day auto ride through London and out to Hampton Court, and on our return to America, a half-day's drive through historic Québec.

Not quite two months was required to visit all these European places, but by careful planning and systematizing one may cover a great territory in an incredibly short period of time and may be able to accumulate material that will give one something to look at and think about for a lifetime.





WHEN a baseball player snaps a tendon in his salary arm he feels about as happy as a painter of sunsets who suddenly goes color-blind. That was what happened to Matteson, pitcher in one of the major league clubs. In pitching a fast one he snapped a tendon and the balls he threw floated into the catcher's glove like snowflakes.

Thus he was released with the good advice that he would make a better farmer than a ball player. But he was not discouraged, for he had thought of a plan to restore his arm. He went to Doctor Martin, who spent most of his time waiting for patients who never came.

"Doc," said Matteson, "before I went to the majors I worked on an ostrich farm and I know ostriches have the strongest muscles of any bird." The doctor saw the possibilities at once and Matteson went to Texas to find the desired bird. When Matteson returned, he found the doctor had summoned an army of doctors and nurses to witness the experiment. With a great deal of trouble the ostrich was deprived of a tendon, and the

operation was a success. As soon as he was well enough to toss a ball he was seen every day on the field, practicing.

It happened the next spring that a team had its training camp in town. A team was fitted out to oppose the leaguers, with Matteson and his catcher, Dexter, as the battery.

When the game started, Matteson showed mid-season form and much more speed. The first half of the ninth came, and Matteson, who had struck out every one that faced him, felt a strange desire to eat. He saw a player take out a plug of tobacco and he grabbed it and swallowed it. He no longer had control, but, after walking four men and hitting one, retired to the side.

The score was two to nothing against him. Dexter, the first up, hit a single. Matteson, who followed him, knocked what looked like a home run. But as he ran the bases a strange fear of man came over him and, desiring to hide himself, he stooped down and stuck his head in the sand. He was easily touched and therefore lost a game in which he struck out twenty-seven men.

—CHARLES BALDWIN.



SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD

R. RANDOLPH.

IN the Eel River Valley in northern California, Stanley, an Englishman, lived with his wife and daughter. He came to this country in the year 1858, and has lived in the remote valley ever since. His daughter, Rosa, was bright and fairly educated for the times; she was frail and timid, quiet and unassuming, accustomed to the protection of a comfortable home. In all her life there had been nothing of sufficient importance to show how great her strength of character might be, but a time came which required courage, tact, and a level head.

Her father had chosen a farm at some distance from the river with the idea of getting a variety of food products which would enable him to be almost self-supporting. There was flat land, low foothills, a large area covered with redwood and also a fine spring. Here he built a substantial farm-house of redwood which he had to split by hand, for there were no saw-mills in the valley of Eel River.

They had lived in this valley only a short time, when other settlers made trouble with the Indians of the region. These

Indians had been on friendly terms with Stanley, for he had neither encroached upon their ground nor harmed them in any way. But the other pioneers were men of a different type. They found the Indians occupying good land. They wanted that land, so they picked a quarrel and, instead of fighting, sneaked by night and massacred numbers of men, women and children.

The Indians knew that they could trust Stanley. On his ranch there was a huge bay tree whose branches swept the ground in a great circle. Here some of the surviving Indian women fled with their children to hide. In the night one crept from the tree and stole up the hill toward the house. There had been guards about the house, kept there by the other settlers who suspected Stanley of sheltering Indians when he refused to join in their plans. The woman had seen some of these men, but avoiding them with wonderful skill, reached the back of the house where she saw a light.

Mrs. Stanley and her daughter were sitting by the fire, knitting. They talked quietly and often glanced at the clock as

its hands slowly crept minute by minute around the dial. Stanley was at the barn. His partner was down there too, armed, ready to fire at any stirring object, for there was an indescribable dread of no man knew what.

Suddenly Mrs. Stanley raised her eyes and was silent. Her daughter, looking in the same direction, saw against the window pane a woman's face. The eyes were wide open with fear, the nose pressed flat against the pane and the rest of the face in shadow. The emotions of that moment for all of them were of dread and wonder. Finally Rosa went to the window, opened it with trembling fingers, and with a smile which was forced and terrified made the woman know she was a friend. Then the woman said, "Me eat."

That was enough; Rosa let her in. Then by degrees the woman told of the refuge under the tree, and entreated with simple words for the little children. As the woman was speaking the door opened and Stanley stepped in. When he saw the Indian he started, and placing his finger on his lips blew out the light. He bolted all the doors, sent his wife and daughter from the room, and turning to the woman began to speak in an almost inaudible voice. He made her understand that she must never be seen there again, that the settlers around were preparing to burn his house if they could prove that he had sheltered Indians.

Then this woman told him that the Indians were gathering from everywhere to make war in the Valley. When he had learned all he could, he led her to his daughter.

"Rosa," he said, "you will have to be the messenger to these women for me."

"But, father——"

"You know your mother cannot do it; you must. They must have food; we cannot let them starve. But you must never

let it be known to any mortal how you do it, nor that you do it, even if you have to lie. You are timid and people won't suspect anything of you. You must do it. You know how foolhardy it would be for me even to try."

Rosa knew she could do nothing else, since her father insisted, but she dreaded it with all her soul.

Suddenly a sound was heard outside. Stanley crept to the window, through which he distinguished the form of a man beckoning to some one at a distance. Stanley whispered to his daughter, "Hide the woman."

Off the kitchen was a sort of pantry where provisions were stored on tiers of very wide shelves. The top one was hardly noticeable, for from the ceiling hung many pounds of smoked meat which hid it. On it were piled old sacks and ropes. Rosa, holding a candle, led the woman and pointed to the shelf.

"Can you get up there?" she asked.

Without a word, the Indian woman began to climb with the aid of some barrels standing along the wall. Silently she climbed over the sacks and lay flat behind them against the wall. Rosa crept back and listened at the door. She opened the door, walking into the kitchen unconcernedly.

Her father had lit the candle and was unbolting the door to admit the two outsiders. Her mother sat by the fire knitting.

"Good evening, Mr. Stanley," said the first man, "we have come to talk over a little business with you."

"Yes?"

They were uneasy and evidently wanted the women dismissed, but Stanley would not seem to understand. Finally, after avoiding the subject, they suddenly turned upon him, almost in the same breath saying, "You are sheltering Indians."

"Why?" he asked. "What makes you think that?"

"We know it." They were so sure that they continued. "We saw an Indian come here. Your daughter let her in. We haven't seen her go and we have men watchin' your place, too. She's here and we're goin' to find 'er."

"You may look."

Their surprise at that was no greater than his dread. Where was the woman hidden? He didn't know himself. Was his daughter able to control herself? Was the woman well hidden? Did she understand her situation? Would those men trouble his daughter? All these questions whirled through his head as he followed the men from room to room with the light at their service. Every minute he expected to see the woman, but every minute the suspense only grew worse. They made the tour of the house through the two bedrooms, and down into the cellar, up through the trap-door that led into the attic, and into the kitchen, the pantry being the last room visited. Rosa stood so still, that she almost fainted, she was so frightened. She listened. They pushed the meat back from the shelf! She could hear them hit the very shelf with their muskets! She was frantic with fear. Suddenly she heard a step behind her. Turning, she saw her father and the two men, but the woman was not found. The investigators went away, but left the other men still about the yard.

What was to be done? Keep the woman hiding and let the Indians starve? Or let the woman risk an escape? When the Indian was asked, she begged to be allowed to go back with food. So just before daybreak she slipped out into the yard.

She did not know how she did it, but she reached the tree unseen. She had told Rosa she would come at night to a spring no the hillside for food. But how was Rosa to get food there?

In the morning of the second day following, a low, ominous sound was heard. It grew louder and louder and seemed to come from the wooded area near the river, but on account of the distance its location was difficult to determine. Stanley rushed in. "They are fighting!" he cried. "Rosa, the woman was right!"

During the ensuing confusion, Rosa saw three men run down the hill, jump a fence, and start across the fields in the direction of the woods. Without stopping for anything she picked up some bread, several loaves, and ran from the house. Unmolested, even unnoticed, she fairly tumbled down the hill to the trees.

For six weeks after this, desperate fighting went on, the Indians burning everything about the country. During all this time she made daily and nightly trips to the tree, carrying food and even with her own fingers helping the women and children into the clothes she brought them. Through all these troubles the Stanley house was protected and so it stands to-day, strong as ever.

Rosa now has as the most prized treasures from her long past youth three tattered, dirty baskets given her by an Indian woman, who had nothing else to give.

—DOROTHY CLENNAN.



HIGH SENIOR

L. DEAN 73.



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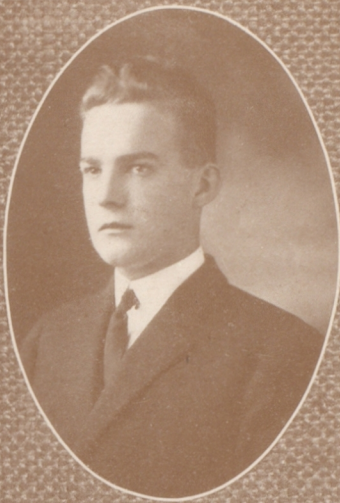
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Helen Sturtevant

Donald Stroupe

Hilda Swenson



Charles Tilden



Elvira Tiernan

Class History



THE Class of December, '13, was born into the Alameda High School in January, 1910. The Doctor said we were the very finest and most promising class at whose early appearance he had ever assisted. Now, when the occasion which ends our high school days fast draws near, We think we have proved successfully that this tribute was not misplaced.

After two years of fine scholarship we held our first school activity. The Low Junior English class, under Miss Berg's kind supervision, managed a recital by Professor Lee Emerson Bassett of Stanford University, his theme being "The Idylls of the King." This was a huge success. With the proceeds we purchased a handsome copy of the famous Abbey painting, "The Seven Deadly Sins," for the school.

In our High Junior term we organized and elected the following officers: President, Holland Johnson; Vice-President, Dorothy Clennan; Secretary, Ila Smith; Treasurer, Laurence Dean; Class Editor, Charles Tilden; Class Representatives, Dorothy Clennan and Winthrop Bransheid. During the first of this term we selected our class pins, which are, as we believe, the finest so far obtained. Instead of giving a dance in the High Junior, we saved all our energy for our busy Senior year.

Early in the term we chose our new officers. Those selected were: President, Mac Riddell; Vice-President, Dorothy Clennan; Secretary, Mabel Baird; Treasurer, Hilda Swenson; Class Editor, Walter Brune; Class Representatives, Mildred Jacobs and Wilfred Traphagen.

On January seventeenth, the girls of the Low Senior class gave a pleasant reception to the Freshmen girls. It was on this

occasion that gold and white acorns were first used as emblems to identify the entering students.

Later in the term we gave our Senior play, "A Bachelor's Romance," by Martha Morton, at the new Alameda Theatre, on April the eleventh. The play, though produced under exceptionally heavy expenses, was the greatest financial success ever obtained from a High School performance.

We started upon our last term in the Alameda High with the following class officers: President, Walter Brune; Vice-President, Mildred Jacobs; Secretary, Mabel Baird; Treasurer, Lawrence Hoffman; Class Editor, Mabel Baird; Class Representatives, Mildred Jacobs and Wilfred Traphagen. During the first part of the term we managed a recital at Haight School. We were fortunate in obtaining for this occasion, Marshall Darrach, a famous exponent of Shakespeare's plays. His rendering of "The Tempest" was greatly enjoyed by a large audience of town's people and students.

We are now planning a Senior dance under the management of Wilfred Traphagen, toward which we look with great pleasure.

With graduation rapidly approaching, we realize that as Freshmen we were good, as Middle Classmen we were better, as Juniors the best, and as Seniors only the words of Celia can express us:

"O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hoping."

—H. STURTEVANT, '13.

CLASS HOROSCOPE

WHO'S WHO	ALIAS	APPEARANCE	WHAT I THINK I AM	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE QUOTATION	IDEAL	DESTINY
Class of Dec., '13.	"Best class ever graduated"	Nondescript	Intellectual	Buy a ticket?	Making money	Giving it away	"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."	Class December, 1913	Too wonderful for words
	"Zatch" Amiral	Neat	Smart	"O"	Reading library books	Being so obliging	"Well coude she roste and sethe and broille and fry."	Mrs. Krauth	Proprietress of a cafeteria
	"Babe" Atto	Petite	Cute	"Why, no, I don't think so."	Dancing	Writing Notes	"Come and trip it as ye go On the light fantastic toe."	Isadora Duncan	Teacher of folk dancing at A. H. S.
	"Kleine" Baird	Sweet	Ignorant	"Stop that!"	Going to the library	Collecting Superfluous "ones"	That one small head could carry all she knew."	Won't tell who he is	Book agent for Faculty texts
	"Duke" Brune	Distinguished	Grown-up	"Guten Morgen"	Getting home after 1 a. m.	Blushing	"There will be a class meeting this afternoon."	Der Kaiser	Captain of a Sausalito ferry-boat
	"Chas" Clapp	Good-Natured	Funny	"Sure, I got one in history"	Having his picture taken	Knocking things down	"Yes, boys, I will be in Congress next year."	Mark Twain	The whole U. C. Football Team
	"Mike" Clennan	Innocent	Temperamental	"Oh, Piffle!"	English Tea (after school)	Losing the key	"Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."	Michael Angelo	Mrs?
	"Doby" Damkroege	Demure	Noisy	Oh, you know'	Doing her duty	Collecting dolls	"But in her duty prompt at every call."	Jane Adams	School marm

CLASS HOROSCOPE

WHO'S WHO



ALIAS	APPEARANCE	WHAT I THINK I AM	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE QUOTATION	IDEAL	DESTINY
"Bishop" Dean	Bashful	Artistic	"I decline"	Wearing that tie	Making posters	"Then to the well trod stage anon."	Harrison Fisher	Cartoonist for the "Times-Star"
"Goldie" Goldbaum	Intelligent (?)	Classy	"Got cha' history?"	Sleeping	Free-hand Drawing	"He was as fresh as is the month of May."	Track captain	President of the Tobacco Trust
"Mulberry" Goldthwaite	Polished	Nice	"Haven't had time"	Taking pictures	Getting lost in the library	"His heer was by his eres round y-shorn."	Beau Brummel	Salesman for "Scat"
"Dolly" Harms	Reserved	Studious	"Eh?"	Chattering (?)	Studying Latin	"Noght o word spak she more than was nede."	The Sphinx	Matron of Foundling Home
"King" Hoffman	Important	Perfection	My Orchestra	Walking to school with — — — ?	Running the Class	"I agree with you, Miss Garretson."	L. H.	Commercial traveler
"Kewpie" Jacobs	Elongated	Fairy-footed	'An' everythin like that'	Going to Ex. Committee meetings	Losing hair-pins	"Her little feet stole in Like mice beneath her petticoats."	"The Chocolate Soldier"	Step-mother
"Boy Scout" La Shelle	Same as above	Impressive	"Forward! March!"	Taking the Boy Scouts for a walk	Playing the trombone	"Ful longe were his legges and ful lene."	Sousa	Trombonist at Pantages
"Missmoe Netagnes" Moe	Commanding	Independent	"Got a nickel, anybody?"	Buying "eats"	Cramming (?) for "exes"	"And French she spak full faire and fetishly."	Miss Coman	Authoress of suffragette literature

CLASS HOROSCOPE

WHO'S WHO	ALIAS	APPEARANCE	WHAT I THINK I AM	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE QUOTATION	IDEAL	DESTINY
	"Don" Stroupe	Bored	Blase	"Call your shots"	Stuffing poor innocent little birds	Skinning cats	"Bold was his speech and wise and well y- taught."	Burbank	Society man
	"Schmidtie" Schmidt	Astonished	Graceful	"Not yet"	Creating a disturbance	Forgetting his instructions	"A hot-hede hadde he with a broun visage."	Doesn't want her known	Postman
	"Mill" Strouss	Chubby	Too thin	"O, hel-p"	Selling tickets	Getting stouter	"Yon Mildred has a lean and hungry look."	Annette Kellerman	A living model
	"Sturgie" Sturtevant	Willowy	Stylish	"You know it!"	Coming late	Flirting	"Of clothes-making hadde she swiche an skill."	Poirot	Modiste
	"Swen" Swenson	Dimpled	Coy	"Oh, ic!"	Spending week-ends at Guernwood	Forgetting dates	"Who was of his smyling both symple and coy."	Mrs. Astor	Keeper of a boarding house
	"Vi" Tiernan	Dignified	Proper	"I think I did pretty well, don't you?"	Worrying over lessons	Going to the "Nick"	"Discreet she was and of great dignity."	The old "Nick"	Swimming teacher of Municipal Bath
	"Chili" Tilden	Meek	Athletic	"Now, turn out, fellas!"	Bluffing	Fickleness	"And certainly he was a good fellow."	Any girl	Policeman
	"Trappie" Tra-hagen	Pessimistic	Important	"See!"	Being an example for the Freshmen	Arguing	"For ev'n though van- quished he could argue still."	Rockefeller	Owner of a private High School

"A Bachelor's Wooing"



"A Bachelor's Wooing"

Cast of Characters

David Holmes, a literary critic, transformed from a studious Ogre into Prince Charming.....LAWRENCE DEAN
 Silvia Somers, David's ward, the delightful fairy who makes the changeDOROTHY CLENNAN
 Gerald Holmes, David's brother, weary and worldly-wise, who finds himself againDONALD STROUPE
 Harriet Leicester, tired of the pleasures of the city, and finding new joys and a new love in the countryHELEN STURTEVANT
 "Savage," a modern literary man whose duties are interrupted by CupidMAC RIDDELL
 Helen Le Grand, a "widow of the world" who turns her back upon it for literary pursuits and "Savage"VERAL HOGAN
 Martin Beggs, David's secretary, turned down by Clementina in his early youth and afterwards treated in the same manner by Fate.....WALTER BRUNE
 Harold Reynolds, successful in everything but his loveLAWRENCE HOFFMAN
 Mr. Mulberry, a literary man whose funny postures are appreciated by the public more than his classical education.....GARDNER GOLDTHWAITE
 James, the English butler.....DONALD HUISH

THE turning-point in the financial affairs of a class is the Senior play. The class of December, '13, felt this keenly, and with hopeful hearts awaited the night of April 11, 1913. The class was few in number, inexperienced as usual, and was under unusually heavy expenses in holding the play in the New Alameda Theatre.

From a financial standpoint, "The Bachelor's Wooing" was the most successful Alameda High play ever given. Through the ability and energy of the manager, Lawrence Hoffman, and the hard work of the class, over two hundred dollars was realized. Of this, half was sent to the flood sufferers of Middletown, Ohio, and the remainder kept for the Senior portion of the ACORN of December, 1913.

The play was also a personal success. For this much praise was due to Mr. Carlyle, the efficient coach. "A Bachelor's Wooing" was peculiarly suited to the talents of the cast. Dorothy Clennan as Sylvia Somers captured the hearts of every one (including David), with her sweet naturalness and refreshing quaintness. The course of the "Bachelor's Wooing," with Lawrence Dean as the Bachelor, aroused much interest in the audience as he entered fully into the spirit of his part, and every one hoped "that the old fellow would get her." The blasè demeanor of Donald Stroupe as Gerald, the weary society man, was remarkably well done. Helen Sturtevant with equal ability took the companion role of Harriet. Veral Hogan was delightful as the "merry widow" alike in city and country. Mac Riddell as "Savage" was pleasingly energetic in everything that he undertook (including love-making). Clementina, with a warm heart which she tried in vain to conceal behind a sharp tongue, was fully appreciated as played by Lottie Russell. Walter Brune showed surprising skill and finish in playing the part of Martin, the funny and pathetic old secretary.

Especial credit must be given to Lawrence Hoffman, who beside managing the performance played his part well. Gardner Goldthwaite as Mulberry provoked many a laugh with his queer antics. Donald Huish made a faultless English butler.

Wedding Announcements



HE wedding of Miss Alameda Senior Class, December, 1913, and Indefinite Future took place December 19, 1913.

The home of the bride not being large enough, the ceremony was held in the First Methodist Church. The bride, Alameda Senior Class, December, '13, wore a dress of rare combinations absolutely indescribable, and was given into the keeping of Indefinite Future by her parents, Mr. Board of Education and Mrs. Faculty. The honeymoon will be spent in the Four Corners of the Globe.

(The ceremony being very distinctive, we give it in detail.)

The bride was supported by Dr. Thompson, her sponsor in infant baptism. Superintendent Wood officiated.

Dear Friends: We are gathered here to scatter this class to the ways of the world and the Knowledge thereof in an estate ordained by the Teachers and commended by the Principal. With the wiles of Human Beings does this class wish to become acquainted. If any man can show just cause why this class may not lawfully be given its certificate, let him speak, or else forever hold his peace.

Do you, Gladys Atto, promise to be present now and hereafter at every High School dance, but in no way to be connected with any fire-escape experiences?

Do you, Zeckia Ameril, promise to devote your time to discovering an absolute cure for dyspepsia in order to offset the baleful results of Mildred Strouss's cooking in the Municipal Cafeteria?

Do you, Mabel Baird, promise to aid Walter Brune in writing a book, "How Portola Discovered Alameda," which will

pass the most rigid inspection and prove to be absolutely historically correct?

Do you, Charles Clapp, promise to spend the next few years in training in order that you may defeat the world's champion pugilist, Ward La Shelle?

Do you, Dorothy Clennan, promise to devote your time to circulating throughout the world the wonderful "Clennan Hair Tonic," which is now coming into prominence?

Do you, Claire Damkroeger, promise to spend your time in research, in order to discover, if possible, a medicine to prevent the mumps, if taken eight days before catching?

Do you, Lawrence Dean, promise to become the pride of the Alameda High School by becoming the world's greatest artist,—both in dress and in pictures?

Do you, Harold Goldbaum, promise to promote the tobacco industry and to show your Kindness to those who have no pipes by presenting them with one?

Do you, Gardner Goldthwaite, promise to establish a fashionable barber shop, to be patronized exclusively by the crowned heads of Europe?

Do you, Louise Harms, promise to live for ten years as a hermit in the wilderness of Oakland and to speak no word until you return to the beautiful city of Alameda?

Do you, Lawrence Hoffman, promise to rule your Kingdom of Milpitas justly and kindly, and to teach your people the beauty of the violin and of the human voice?

Do you, Agnes Moe, promise to establish a home for chronic poets, but such a one that the authorities will not accuse you of conducting an insane asylum under false pretenses?

Do you, Mildred Jacobs, promise to teach the rising generation your light and springy steps?

Do you, Arthur Schmidt, promise to perpetuate the school yell as valiantly as Mrs. Pankhurst espoused the cause of suffrage?

Do you, Hilda Swenson, promise to help Helen Sturtevant to establish a dressmaking shop to rival those of the modistes of Paris?

Do you, Elvira Tiernan, promise to visit the "Nick" every day of your life?

Do you, Charles Tilden, promise to run for President after Will J. Bryan stops running?

Do you, Wilfred Traphagen, promise to teach the future dance managers the art of upholding society dances?

Do you, Donald Stroupe, promise to become the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds and to establish a Home for aged and infirm snakes?

Do you, Alameda Senior Class, December, '13, promise to do these things?

We do.

Inasmuch as Alameda Senior Class, December, '13, and Indefinite Future have consented to go through life together, and have witnessed the same before mother, father, sisters, brothers, and friends even unto the seventh generation and have given their word to look upward, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a diploma and by shaking hands, I do now (by virtue of the authority vested in me under the laws of this county and as Superintendent of this School) pronounce you graduated. Those whom we have put forth let no man put asunder.

Bless those who now have us for better or for worse. Alameda Senior Class, December, '13, may Indefinite Future be kind to you, and may your diplomas stand high in the precious remembrances of your school.

—M. S., '13.



Last Will and Testament



WE, the Class of December, '13, of the Alameda High School, being four years of age and of sound mind and memory (that is, as sound as is possible after recent "exes"), and not acting under undue influence, do hereby declare this, our last will and testament, in the following manner:

I. We do give and bequeath Harold Goldbaum's pipe and his ability to use it to the Freshman Class boys.

II. Mabel Baird's stock of "ones" to the school at large for regular use, the supply whereof is warranted not to run out.

III. Lawrence Hoffman's managerial qualities to all ambitious housewives.

IV. Gladys Atto's ability to talk without stopping for breath to Charlotte Culver.

V. Charlie Clapp's jokes to any one who promises not to spoil them.

VI. Lawrence Dean's politeness to the fellow who threw the eggs at the baseball show.

VII. Mildred Jacobs's and Elvira Tiernan's example of inseparability to "Mac" and his "next."

VIII. Dorothy Clennan's histrionic ability to future leading ladies.

IX. Arthur Schmidt's aggressiveness to a Coast League umpire.

X. Ward La Shelle's sprightliness to neutralize Frank Gardiner's dignity.

XI. Zeckia Amiral's willingness to run errands to the next occupant of the seat in front of some teacher's desk.

XII. Donald Stroupe's reputation as a mighty hunter of

big game, such as sparrows and grasshoppers, to Theodore Roosevelt.

XIII. Hilda Swenson's giggle to a mummy.

XIV. The noise and disturbance created by Louise Harms and Claire Damkroeger to add to that already found in recess period.

XV. Wilfred Traphagen's capacity for sustained argument to any Low Freshman who doesn't know much.

XVI. Helen Sturtevant's dressmaking ability to be divided among future sewing classes.

XVII. Walter Brune's enormous vocabulary, consisting of words not under one foot in length, to the Oral English class, for use in debates.

XVIII. Agnes Moe's reputation as a chronic poet to Clarence Nobmann.

XIX. Mildred Strouss's doughnuts to be distributed among the teachers for use as paperweights.

XX. Charles Tilden's patented bluffing system to Low Seniors who are old enough to appreciate its possibilities.

XXI. Gardner Goldthwaite's exhibitions of acrobatic splendiferocity to the gymnasium instructor at A. H. S.

XXII. Our class-room to the incoming Low Seniors.

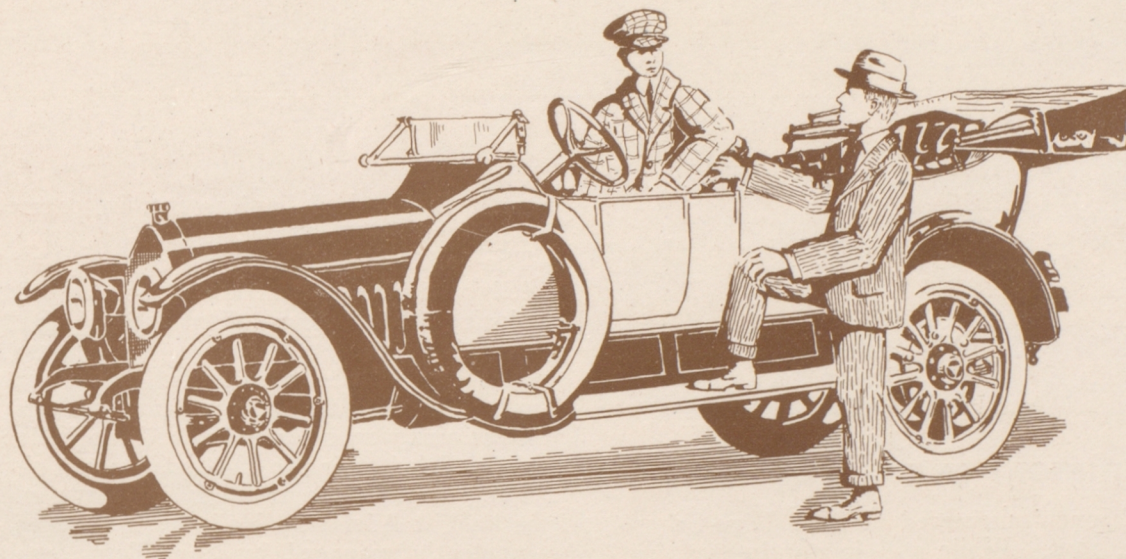
In witness whereof we, the Class of December, '13, of the Alameda High School, have hereunto set our hand and seal.

CLASS OF DECEMBER, '13.

Witnesses:—

WALTER BRUNE
LAWRENCE DEAN.

SENIOR



B. A. Sharpster
1914



Low Senior

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	H. VAN STEELE
Vice-President	OLIVE MILLS
Secretary-Treasurer	E. LE COUNT
Play Manager	WILLIAM BREWER
Class Representative.....	WILLIAM BREWER
Class Representative.....	GLADYS PENNOCK
Class Editor	RALPH DICKINSON



CLASS HISTORY OF JUNE, '14.

THE Class of June, '14, entered Alameda High School in August, 1910. While still in our infancy, we organized in our High Freshman term, electing the following officers. President, Ed. Joseph; Vice-President, Dorothy Soule; Secretary, Hall Funke; Class Editor, Kendrick Vaughan. In the same term a baseball

team, with Frank Pollard as captain, competed for interclass honors, and had moderate success.

The next undertaking of the class as Low Sophomores was a delightful ride to Goat Island, on a government tug. After exploring the island, we all partook of an elaborate luncheon provided for the occasion. A dance was then held in the gymnasium, with music afforded by the courtesy of a sailors' band. The affair was a pronounced success.

Class pins were selected in our Low Junior semester. They were modeled after the customary acorn shape.

The Junior Dance at which some 250 guests were present was held at Adelphian Hall, April 18, 1913. The event was competently managed by Sam Terry, assisted by William Brewer.

This brings us to our present Low Senior term, with the prospect of a play, "Her Lord and Master," foremost in our minds.



JUNIOR

B. S. Sharpton 1914

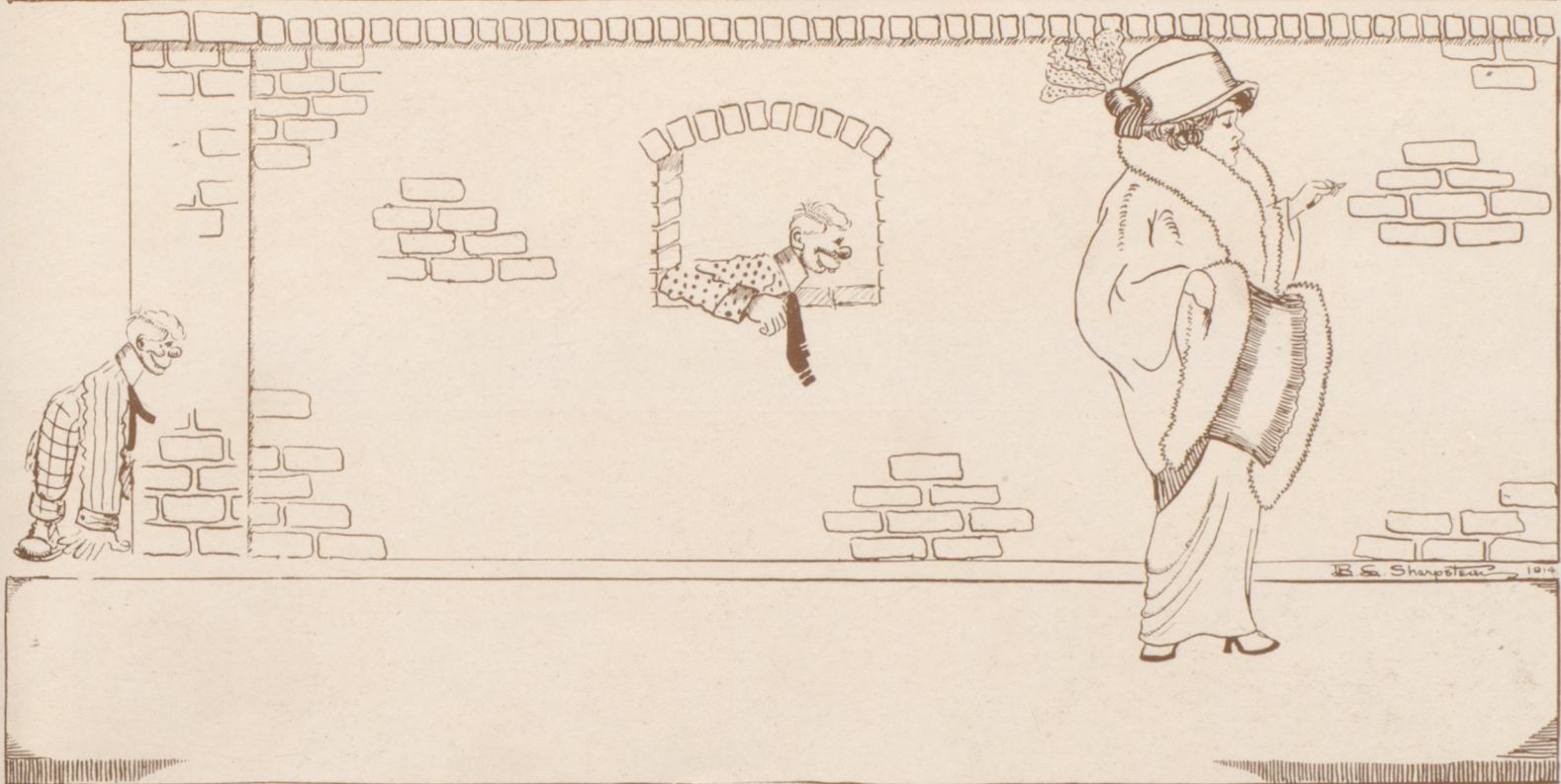
High Junior



Low Junior



SOPHOMORE



High Sophomore



Low Sophomore



FRESHMEN



High Freshmen



Low Freshmen





The Commercial Department

SINCE the Commercial Department of the high school was established some years ago, it has become one of the most vigorous and rapidly expanding parts of the school. From the beginning it has grown steadily, until now, with an enrollment of nearly a hundred taking a strictly commercial course, the matter of providing room for further expansion becomes a vital question. The number of students engaged in work of a purely commercial nature by no means represents all who take advantage of the courses offered in this field, for students from every department of the school are coming in rapidly increasing numbers to secure instruction in some branch of commercial work.

The subjects treated cover a wide range of interest, and include not only Stenography, Typewriting, Commercial Arithmetic, Bookkeeping and Penmanship, but also Commercial Law and Civics, Office Practice, Business Correspondence and Commercial Geography. For the commercial student these are supplemented by courses in the cultural departments of instruction, work in English and in foreign languages being emphasized particularly, for it is the aim of the high school to

provide those of its pupils who are preparing for business life with a broader and more complete working basis than does the average business college.

That numbers of students have gone out from this department to fill positions of responsibility in the world of business, goes to prove its efficiency. To secure this efficiency, no expense has been spared, inasmuch as the equipment has been increased from a single mimeograph at the beginning, to a multigraph, a Burrough's Adding Machine, a rotary mimeograph, and twenty-two typewriters representing two of the best makes, to which a dictophone is to be added within a short time.

Students are called upon to assist in the work of the Principal's office, thus being given actual business practice. Frequently, also, a call is made by the Superintendent of Schools for expert stenographers and typists. The large amount of work that is done in this way for these two administrative offices testifies to the effectiveness of the Commercial Department as a field of practical experience for the student, and moreover to its real worth to the community.

FOOTBALL



NOTES

School Calendar for the Term Ending December, 1913

AUGUST—

18. School opens. The Freshmen arrive, carried in the arms of their parents. All the upper classmen show off their new duds.
19. Freshman disappeared! Found later in the High Senior Class under the care of the venerable old gentleman, W. Traphagen, whose duty it is, as he is the oldest man in school, to look out for the in-coming infants.
20. First football turnout.
21. Foster Miles turns out for football. Clapp fears that his chances for the team are waning.
22. Doris Ives starts taking tango lessons.
23. Football: Alameda is defeated by Cogswell—11-3.
25. First Administrative Board meeting.
27. Special meeting of the Administrative Board.
28. Mr. Weinstock speaks on a successful business career.
29. First Associated Students' meeting.
30. Football: Alameda defeats Berkeley—3-0.

SEPTEMBER—

1. Holiday!!
2. Mysterious man lurks in the vicinity of the High School. Duke appears worried.
3. Holiday was to be given for Hoffman to get a hair-cut, but the faculty disapproved of it.
4. Freshman Reception.
8. Administrative Board meeting.
9. Holiday!!! Nobmann comes home in the wee sma' hours.
11. Football: Alameda defeats St. Ignatius.
12. Associated Students' meeting. The ACORN is the chief topic for discussion.

15. ACORN tickets out! Ah, found at last. Billy K. has at last discovered his long lost friend "Duke" Joseph. (See September 2.)
16. Football: Alameda is defeated by the U. C. "Babies"—24-0.
17. Alas: "Pruke" Goldbaum's sombrero is wearing out after three years of endearing service.
19. Administrative Board meeting.
22. Football: Alameda and St. Mary's play to a tie—0-0.
23. "Fat" Latham gets credit for a nickel.
24. Associated Students' meeting. The boys clean up Recreation Park.
25. The Darrach Recital at Haight School.
26. Erna Braue calls a meeting of the girls to discuss the proposition of having a girls' football team.
27. Football: Alameda is defeated by Oakland—8-0.
29. Music by the Misses Pasmores in the Assembly Hall.
30. Clapp comes well prepared for rain.

OCTOBER—

1. Frances Garrett comes to school with a mysterious pin on her breast.
2. Aha! We are on the trail of something very mysterious!
4. 10.30 A. M. Football: Palo Alto defeats Alameda—23-0.
8:30 P. M. "Star and Key" social at Mrs. Lum's.
6. Goldbaum starts a little game of his own in the basement.
7. Dr. Thompson missing!! Ah, found at Krieg and Holton's viewing the first game of the World's Series.
8. Some talent appears at school. "Don" Pearson and

"Duke" Joseph are greatly excited. More World's Series talk.

9. Brewer turns out in a new hat. Very becoming.
10. All the gents are tendered their walking papers by the President of Alameda's Y. M. C. A.
11. Football: Alameda defeats Fremont—3-0.
12. Detectives L. Johansson and S. Hardin discover a dead man near Mt. Tamalpais.
14. Prof Crocheron speaks on Agriculture. His topic was "Back to the Country."
15. Meeting called to get back Fremont hats.
18. 10:30 A. M. Football: Alameda and Berkeley play to a tie—0-0.

8:30 P. M. Recital for benefit of the football team given by Miss Alice Davis, Miss Rose Von Schmidt, and by Mrs. Ford E. Samuel.

Week Vacation!!!

20. Baseball: Berkeley defeats Alameda—5-3.
24. The football team leaves for Reno.
25. Football: Reno is defeated by Alameda—27-0.
26. The team arrives home again.
27. School opens.
28. Discovered. One of the members of the faculty recently ran a lawn mower over his face. (See October 2.)
29. M. McMaster and Joe Reno come to school with very bad colds.
31. 9:00 A. M. The Reno team arrives in Alameda.
9:00-11:00 A. M. The Reno team is entertained at the Encinal Yacht Club.
12:15 P. M. The Reno team is given a luncheon by the cooking class.
3:00 P. M. Rally for the Reno team.
1. 10:00 A. M. Alameda defeats Reno in a game which is half football and half water polo. 11-0.
8:15 P. M. The Reno team is entertained at the Orpheum.

3. Jeanne Sturtevant grows curls.
4. The Unexpected. Linn Hollywood is in love!
6. The Misses Pasmores entertain the students in the Assembly Hall with an hour of music.
7. 2:45 P. M. Mr. Waite of the Y. M. C. A. delivers a short talk.
3:10 P. M. Associated Students' meeting.
3:45 P. M. Administrative Board meeting.
8. Football: Alameda defeats Belmont at Belmont—14-0.
10. Big rally and serpentine for the victory over the Belmont team.
11. Gardiner Goldthwaite also has been conquered by the heart of a fair young damsel.
14. Our English teacher comes to school accompanied with local color.
20. The ACORN goes to press!! Hooray!! Hooray!!
21. The Low Senior Class presents "Her Lord and Master" at the Adelphian Hall.
25. "Cupid" Ives goes to the "nick" with a gentleman from Oakland.
Vacation!!
27. Thanksgiving! Oh, you turkey!

DECEMBER—

1. The Freshmen Class are talking excitedly about Santa Claus.
4. A Senior flag fight???
11. The Ives home has become a Brewer(y) since a dashing young lady from the city moved there.
17. Vacation is near at hand. The Seniors become greatly excited and prepare for their graduation.
18. Graduation. The Seniors depart.
19. The school adjourns. High Senior Dance.
25. **Merry Christmas!**
Vacation—Hooray!

Notes of Interest for the Term of December, 1913

Lecture By Colonel Weinstock



THE free course of alternate vocational lectures and music began on August 28th, when Colonel Weinstock, one of the foremost business men of California, delivered an instructive lecture on personal qualities necessary for success in business. He emphasized three things: push, tact and principle. Instances were mentioned to prove the truth of this statement. Colonel Weinstock's lecture was greatly appreciated and a great deal was learned of use in any career.

Musicale

On September 29, Miss Mary Pasmore, violinist, and Miss Suzanne Pasmore, pianist, gave a delightful program of music. The violin solos were the last two movements from Bruch's G minor concert, "Humoreske" by Dvorak, "Old Viennese Waltz" by Kreisler and "Perpetual Motion" by De Vache. The piano solos were Prelude No. 17 by Chopin and "Scherzo" by Chopin. Appreciation was so great that the Misses Pasmore consented to play several selections after the period was over. The violin used was a Stradivarius made in Cremona in 1725. This program was given through the courtesy and supervision of Mrs. Kollmeyer of the Associated Studios of Alameda.

Candy Sale

The candy sale given at recess on October 10, for the benefit of the football team, was a culinary as well as a financial success.

Lecture By Professor Crocherton

Professor Crocherton of the agricultural department at the University of California spoke on October 14, on "Back to the Country." He said that the country has been sending its young people to the city and consequently was becoming decadent. City bred men cannot become successful farmers unless they have three things: capital, knowledge and a fondness for the pursuit. In all the states are courses in the universities where knowledge of agriculture may be obtained.

Mabel Baird Wins Prize

Much praise is due Mabel Baird for the admirable way in which she has upheld the honor of the High School in literary fields. Her essay on "Alcohol and Crime" won the city prize of ten dollars offered by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the state prize of twenty dollars.

Reno Day

In the afternoon of October 31st, the periods were shortened to allow a big rally. Every one was there, even our yell leader, whose hair had mysteriously changed color during the night. Mr. Billingshurst, the Superintendent of the Reno Schools, gave a brief history of Reno, describing the city and relating its world-wide fame. A short address was given by the Rev. Mr. Mears, a former resident of Reno, who always takes the keenest interest in all the events of the High School. The rally was concluded by some Reno yells.

New Addition

Forty cases, each representing some industry, such as petroleum, cotton, bee, have been secured for the courses in commercial geography, biology, physical geography, and oral English. In each case samples of the raw material, the various stages of development, and the finished products are shown. On the cover are written comments on the industry; the region from which the raw material is obtained, and a short history of the industry.

Concert

On November 6, the second afternoon concert was held in the Assembly Hall under the direction of Mrs. Kollmyer. The musicians who entertained the students were the Misses Dorothy Pasmore, cellist, Suzanne Pasmore, pianist, and Ethel Johnson, lyric soprano. The attention of the students showed how greatly they appreciated the following program:

1. Meditation from "Thais" Massenet
"Rondo" Boccherini
"The Swan" Saint-Saens
Miss D. Pasmore.
2. "Sunshine Song" Grieg
Waltz from "La Boheme" Puccini
Miss Johnson.
3. "Spanish Serenade" Glazounow
"Sherzo" Van Goeno
Miss D. Pasmore.
4. Songs with cello obligato.
"A Resolve" Fontenailles
"O, That We Two Were Maying" Nevin

Lecture to Girls

On December fifth, Mrs. May Cheeney, Appointment Secre-

tary of the University of California, will address the girls in Adelphian Hall, on "Woman's Place in the World To-day."

Lecture to Boys

Mr. James K. Lynch, Vice-President of the First National Bank of San Francisco, and also prominent in banking circles of Alameda, will speak to the boys in the Assembly Hall on December 5th, on "Banking as a Profession." This lecture will conclude the series of lectures on vocations.

Lecture By Mr. Waite

The periods were shortened on November 7th to permit the students to hear a short talk by Mr. R. A. Waite, National Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. His subject was "Mum's the Word," by which he meant the three mums, minimum, maximum and optimum. Every one, he said, should try to do the optimum, because that represents growth continual; the maximum means growth arrested, and minimum, the least amount of growth. The students were interested and would have been willing to listen longer to the effective speech of Mr. Waite.

Concert

On the morning of December 4th, the last concert of the term will be held. Mr. Arthur McManus, pupil of Leopold Godowsky and Josef Lhevinne of Berlin, will be the soloist.

Letter of Interest

Alameda High School,
Alameda, Cal.



DEAR GIRLS:—

Having received so many letters at once, and each containing the same news, please let me answer you all in one letter.

You may well talk about your good times at boarding school, your spreads, picnics and ball games, but I can tell you about a different and yet a very interesting good

time. No, it is nothing like those you mention except in one particular,—that is, the “eats.” You mention the good things you have to eat. How would you like to learn to cook them? That is what we do. I can hear you say, “What fun can it be to mix greasy materials?” It’s great; just let me tell you about it.

Six girls jump out of bed about seven o’clock, eat breakfast, then make a wild dash to get dressed so as to be in school at eight-fifteen. (Dreadful, isn’t it?) Ten to one, we dash in at the last minute and hasten to put on our aprons, for, because we are cooks, we strive to be neat and clean.

I hear you ask, “Where do we dash to?” Into the kitchen laboratory, of course—where are individual stoves, and desks containing all the cooking paraphernalia.

So far we have canned all the tomatoes, peaches and pears that we will use this term; and have put up pickled figs, pears, peaches and cucumbers; made jams, jellies and preserves which we use in our meals. Besides these, we have made dandy chili-sauce. Having canned all the fruits, in season, we then turned to the proteins, such as soups and geletines, and have learned the different methods of cooking meats, and at present are learning how to cook fish.

You must understand that this is the work of the advanced class. The beginning class, consisting of twenty, are taught the classification of foods, digestion of foods, balance, ration and the planning of meals. With this, they are taught the making of breads, biscuits and the cooking of vegetables.

We are not only taught to cook, but also to keep house. (Sounds really grown up, doesn’t it?) Each girl must take care of her own desk, utensils and stove. At the end of each period, if you should enter, you would find the girls busy washing their dirty dishes and scrubbing their stoves and desks.

We even learn to wash, as the towels and dishcloths used must be hung away clean. Even this is fun but I would hate to do it on a larger scale. We also have to keep the dining room in order. Yes, we are the proud possessors of a dining room, consisting of a table, six chairs, a set of white and gold dishes (our school colors) and our own silverware with our monogram of A. H. S. (Alameda High School) on it. Now wouldn’t you like to be seated at such a table? Do let me invite you to the next dinner. Yes, indeed, it is going to be cooked by me and by the other girls, so you may safely come.

My pal and I have just had our turn in which we planned, cooked and served the meal ourselves, even without the aid of our teacher (Miss Rosenthal). This is the way we do it. Two girls take charge of the meal, two act as host and hostess (they have the good fun serving the d’shes), and two act as guests. We also invite two teachers so that there are always six seated at the table. Of course, those planning the meal must also act as waiters.

This last menu consisted of

Bouillion	Crackers
Turkish Pilof	Hot Biscuits
Broiled Chops	
Snow Pudding	Black Coffee
and cost twelve cents per person.	

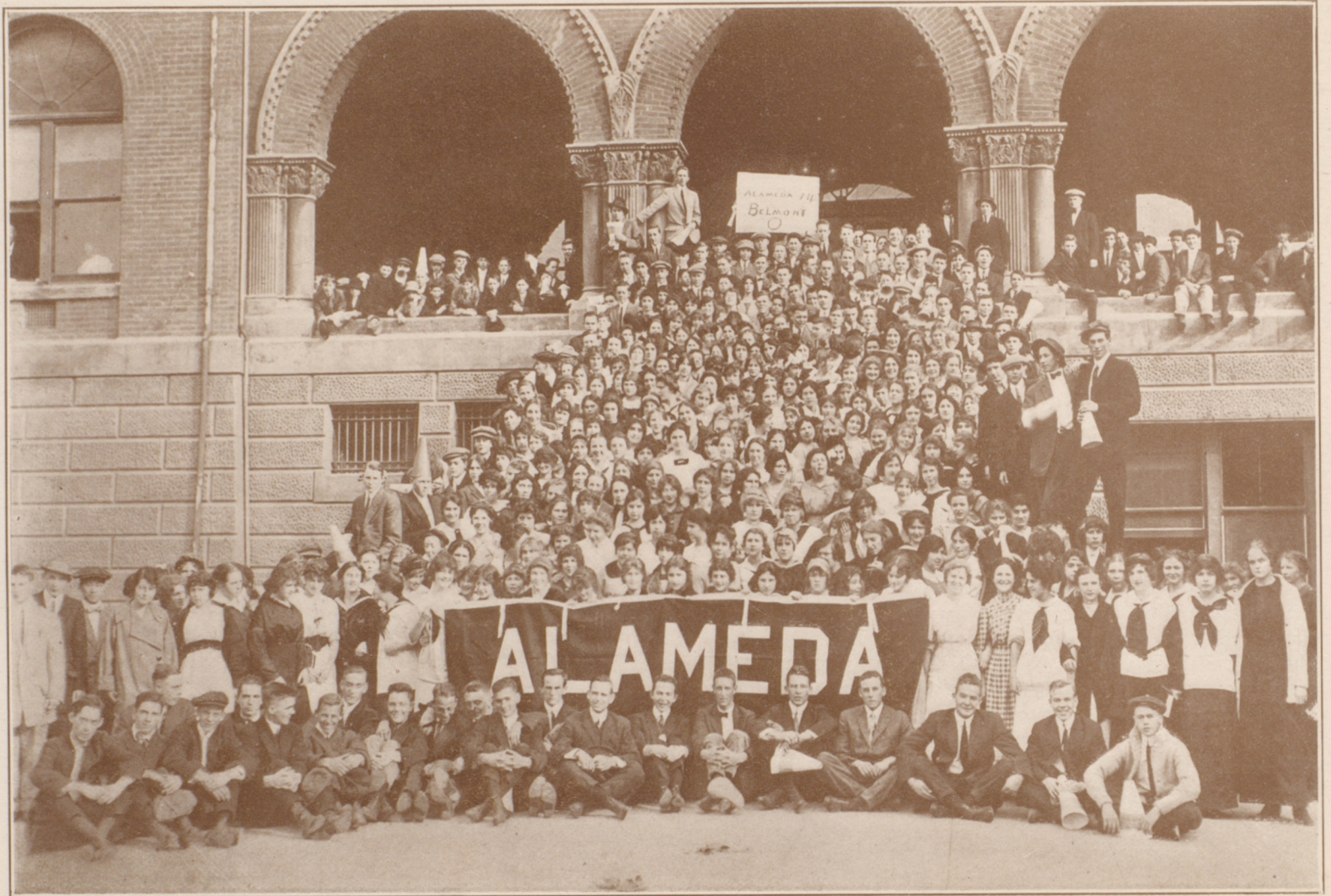
Does not that sound appetizing? The guests say they enjoyed themselves and that everything tasted delicious; so we will leave it as it is.

If I had more time I could write more, but eight-fifteen is fast approaching and you know, “Time waits for no woman.” I must close with the invitation to visit us soon.

Sincerely your friend,

—MILDRED STROUSS, '13.

The Belmont Rally



The Serpentine

(With Apologies to Tennyson)



Up the street, up the street,
Up the street onward,
Onward to Park Street
Marched the six hundred;
Onward the leader led.
"Now yell your best," he said;
And then with one accord
Yelled the six hundred.

Wagons to right of them,
Autos to left of them,
Street cars in front of them,
Whose motormen thundered;
Stormed at with vehicles,
Boldly they marched and well,
Right in the face of death,
Despite the warning bell,
Marched the six hundred

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
On to the avenue
Marched the six hundred.
Theirs not to wonder why,
Theirs but to march—or die,
Theirs but to yell and cry,
Raving six hundred.

On through the lot they sped,
Over the fence were led,
Then, though the students knew
Some one had blundered,
Was there a heart afraid?
Was there a girl dismayed?
Up on the fence they stayed,
Some of six hundred!

Then 'cross the street they fled
To where the others led,
In front of the City Hall
Stood the six hundred;
Crowded they one and all,
On the steps of the City Hall,
And the camera-man snapped all,
All of six hundred.

Down the street, down the street,
Down the street westward,
Westward to school again
Went the six hundred.
In the assembly hall,
Landed the victors all,
Rejoicing at Belmont's fall,
Joyous six hundred.

—FLORENCE H. PETERSON.



The Associated Student Body

Officers

President.....CHARLES L. TILDEN JR.
 Vice-President.....CHARLOTTE CULVER
 Secretary.....KENDRICK VAUGHAN
 Treasurer.....MR. WILLIS MINIUM

Committee-at-Large.

DOROTHY BAUM, CHARLES CLAPP,
 ED. JOSEPH, DONALD PEARSON,
 DEAN PERKINS, SAM TERRY.

Class Representatives.

SENIORS—

High.....MILDRED JACOBS, WILFRED TRAPHAGEN
 Low.....GLADYS PENNOCK, WILLIAM BREWER

JUNIORS—

High.....DORIS IVES, GEORGE MEYERS JR.
 Low.....MARGARET TEMPLE, CLYDE SHEPARDSON

SOPHOMORES—

High.....ELIZABETH FUNKE, HARRY ETTER
 Low.....MARION WALDEN, RAYMOND SAYRE

FRESHMEN—

High.....MIGNON HENRICI, PHILIP HOLDEN
 Low.....MURIEL PATTIANA, COLTMAN SHEPARD

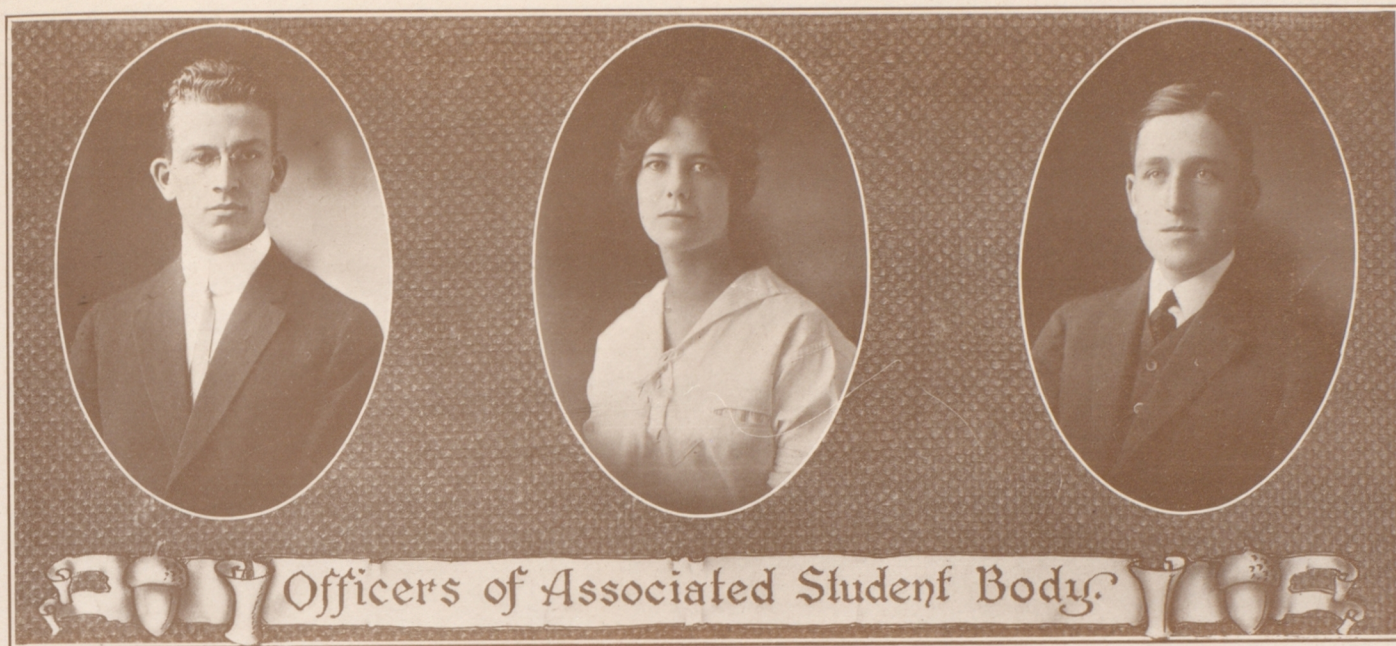
Greetings



THE Administrative Board and Officers wish to extend their greetings to the Students and to the Faculty of the Alameda High School.

The expense of football this term has been very heavy and the financial liability in the end falls entirely on the students. Although the out-go has been large, we sincerely hope that this semester may end in as prosperous a manner as the preceding year. The great number of activities undertaken has made it difficult to gain the pronounced successes in any one which would have followed had there been fewer affairs. Still the success of the Recital, the Senior Play, and this term's issue of the ACORN clearly shows that the old spirit of mutual help prevails strongly throughout the school.

—CHARLES L. TILDEN JR.



Charles L. Tilden, Jr.

Charlotte Culver

Kendrick Vaughan

Associated Student Meetings

August 29, 1913.

The first meeting was held in the spacious assembly hall. The old saying, "Pay your dues," was the text of the occasion, and talks concerning the football team were made by Captain Tilden, Manager Joseph and Mr. Perkins.

September 12, 1913.

The purpose of this meeting was to create enthusiasm for the ACORN and the "Star and Key" Society story-contest. Short talks were delivered by Manager Terry and Editor Vaughan, and later Captain Tilden and Manager Joseph discussed foot-

ball. Recitations by Miss Close and piano selections by Miss Frater were appreciated by the students.

September 24, 1913.

Talks on the football game with Oakland were delivered by Captain Tilden, Coach Glascock and Manager Joseph. Mr. Hoffman spoke concerning the Darrach recital, and Mr. Nobmann on the "Star and Key" literary contest.

October 10, 1913.

Mr. Hauch spoke in regard to the football show to be given by A. H. S. alumni and the football captain and manager again stirred interest in the school game. Piano selections by Miss Myrtle Leonard and Edwin Barnes, with recitations by Miss Edna Close, gave variety to the meeting.

Administrative Board Meetings

August 25, 1913.

The first meeting of the Administrative Board proved a busy one. Probably the most important affairs were the election of the Editor and Manager of the ACORN, and the election of Mr. Von Schmidt to fill Mr. Bates' place on the Administrative Board.

August 27, 1913.

It was decided to buy suits for the football team, and to employ a coach. Mr. Joseph was elected to fill Mr. Von Schmidt's place on the Administrative Board.

September 8, 1913.

The most important business was the election of the ACORN Staff, the election of the Auditing Committee, the securing permission for the football team to give a show, and also, the resolution that the Alameda High School join the Alameda County Athletic Association.

September 19, 1913.

Mr. Hauch was elected to manage the football show. It was also decided that the school loan the team \$125 for the Reno trip.

October 17, 1913.

President Tilden and Manager Hauch made short addresses in order to arouse interest in the football show. Talks on football were given by Major Tilden, Captain Tilden and Manager Joseph.

November 7, 1913.

This meeting was held for the purpose of interesting students in the Belmont game, and for the girls' basketball game. Major Tilden, Captain Tilden, Manager Joseph, Mr. Clapp and Mr. Hardin expressed views on athletics.

November 12, 1913.

The Senior Show was the topic for discussion. Short interesting talks were made by Miss Ella Browning, Mr. Brewer, Dr. Thompson, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Joseph and Mr. Vaughan.

October 3, 1913.

This meeting granted the football team permission to give a Reno Show. \$9.80 was voted to pay the team's expenses one way to Palo Alto. Miss Dorothy Baum was elected to manage a candy sale to raise funds to help pay the coach.

October 13, 1913.

A committee was appointed to look into the matter of the block "A," to see that no students who do not deserve should wear one. Mr. Don Pearson was elected to manage the Reno Show. Miss Doris Ives was elected to fill Miss Baum's place as Society Editor of the ACORN.

October 27, 1913.

It was decided to borrow \$100.00 from the Citizens' National Bank to pay expenses of the Reno Team to and from Alameda. Mr. D. Pearson was elected manager for the Reno day.

November 7, 1913. (Special Meeting.)

Decision was made not to pay the team's expenses one way to Belmont. It was also urged that last term's ACORN report be obtained from the Manager.

The Star and Key Society

PERMANENT MEMBERS.

High Seniors.

MABEL BAIRD
DOROTHY CLENNAN
CLAIRE DAMKROEGER
LAWRENCE DEAN
MILDRED JACOBS
ELVIRA TIERNAN

CLARENCE NOBMANN
VAN STEELE
KENDRICK VAUGHAN

High Juniors.

MORRIS CLARKE
BRUCE FARRINGTON
HILLER ZOBEL

Low Juniors.

RUTH BISSELL
MERRILL BROWN
FLORENCE PETERSON
CLYDE SHEPARDSON
WESTON VOLBERG

Low Seniors.

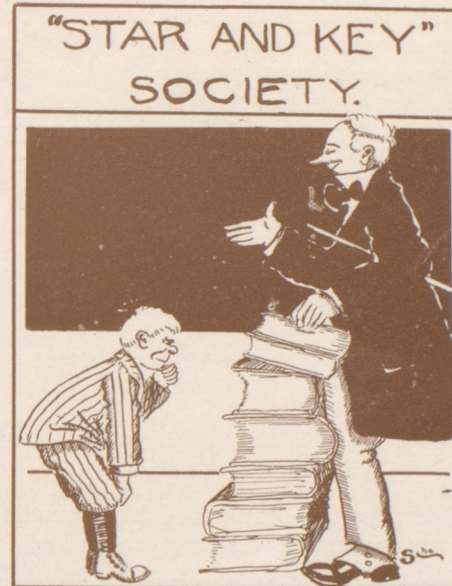
H. AKAGI
RUTH BARKER
WILLIAM BREWER
EDWIN HEINSOHN
MILDRED HOSKEN
ELLSWORTH LE COUNT
ALICE LEVY

High Sophomores.

ALVIN ASTER
DONALD LUM

The high standard of the "Star and Key" Society has been well kept this term. The meetings, though not many, have been exceptionally well attended, the members all evincing more than usual interest. The first meeting of the term was called to order by President Vaughan. The officers elected were: President, Clarence Nobmann; Vice-President, Mabel Baird; Recording Secretary, Clyde Shepardson; Treasurer, Alvin Aster; Corresponding Secretary, Dorothy Clennan.

The "Star and Key" has again conducted a story contest, three prizes being awarded for the three best stories for the ACORN. The first was won by Morris Clarke, the second by Jeanne Stur-



tevant, the third by Russell Medcraft. This custom if kept up will surely prove worth while. There is no reason why the literary department of the ACORN should not have the very best short stories the school can produce.

It is a mistaken idea, indeed, to think that the "Star and Key" is asleep, because it is quiet. It is wide awake. It has, through the kindness of its leader, secured Miss Ada Jordan of the Berkeley School Department to give a lecture on the history of music. Many other things are being considered. Most im-

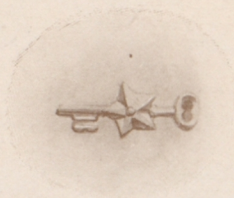
portant of many new ideas is the plan for a permanent Alumni Association. With the possibility of becoming a member of a permanent organization of this character, the students have a most urgent reason for working hard to be on the honor roll.

Although the members of the "Star and Key" are very good and very wise, they do have very good times. Mrs. William Tappan Lum entertained them at her home on the evening of October fourth, and every minute of that evening was enjoyed

by all there. Another invitation has been extended the members of the "Star and Key" by Mrs. Nobmann. Those who remember the last evening spent at the home of Mrs. Nobmann look forward to this with happiest anticipation.

So if the "Star and Key" has done but little this term that can be set down in so many words, let it be remembered that it is full of enthusiasm and new ideas.

—DOROTHY CLENNAN, '13.



The Astronomy Club

AST term some members of the Alameda High School became interested in Astronomy and formed a club for that study. This term, the remnants of the club decided that, in order to be called a club, they must have a constitution, a name and a stated object.

We made our constitution, stated that our name should be "The Astronomy Club of the Alameda High School," and our object to teach the fundamental principles of Astronomy and to furnish a recreation in that subject.

As to what we have done, perhaps it is not very much. Yet we have obtained a general knowledge of our solar system, other solar systems, parallax, and Bode's law, among other things.

As the trip to the Chabot Observatory, made last term, proved to be instructive and interesting, another one is being planned for the near future.

The officers elected this term have so far proved adequate. They are as follows: Miss Hewitt and Mr. Mundt, Directors; President, Stewart Maule; Vice-President, Ben Benas; Secretary, Earl Payne; Vice-Secretary, Ray Bromage.

The whole success of the A. C. A. H. S. has been due to their untiring efforts, to their faithfulness to the club, and to their ability to make work interesting and profitable of the two Directors.

—EARL PAYNE, '15.



Star and Key Vaudeville

ON Thursday, June twelfth, of last term, the "Star and Key" society gave a vaudeville show in the assembly hall after school hours. An admission of ten cents was charged and a large audience of students and friends was on hand to witness the performance.

The program was a lively one, especially suitable to amuse the tired student. A Spanish song by Eva Steele, a recitation by Miss Maryly Krusi, and the music of a trio composed of Merrill Brown, Helen Hay and Rudolph Buben were all pronounced excellent and were thoroughly enjoyed. A comedy take-off on a student meeting revealed many able comedians and drew a hearty laugh from the audience. The Pyramus and Thisbe scene from "A Mid-summer Night's Dream" by the High Sophomore English class, produced under the direction of Mrs. Arthur Brown, concluded the program. Several selections were given between the numbers by the High School orchestra under the leadership of Lawrence Hoffman.

The great success of this affair, both financially and as

amusement for the students, showed that the "Star and Key" society had hit upon a popular form of entertainment which will undoubtedly be enlarged upon in the future.

—C. J. NOBMANN.

The Darrach Recital

THE class of December, '13, has a reputation for caring for things that are worth while and this was clearly shown on the evening of September 25, when Marshall Darrach gave a recital of "The Tempest" at the Haight School Auditorium. Mr. Darrach is a very widely known interpreter of Shakespearean drama, and it was an honor for the school as well as for the class to be able to secure his services.

Mr. Darrach has previously appeared in Alameda and the general public showed its appreciation and remembrance by attending the recital in large numbers. They expected a performance of remarkable interest, and Mr. Darrach, through his personal magnetism, instantly caught the attention of the en-

tire audience and held it throughout the evening,—no small thing when a large part was composed of boys and girls not usually much interested in Shakespearean plays. Mr. Darrach, however, made the play real. So wonderfully realistic were his representations and so quickly were the changes made, that it was difficult to remember that there was but one person on the stage.

One of the most striking of these impersonations was Caliban, a strange and hideous creature, half man, half beast. The audience fairly gasped with astonishment, so vivid and so rapid was the constant shifting from the commanding figure of noble Prospero to that of the rolling, loathsome Caliban. Another character which delighted was the jester Trinculo, and ripples of laughter greeted his every appearance, as well as that of the drunken butler. The daintiness and lightness of the spirit, Ariel, were remarkably well shown by tones of the voice rather than by acting. The rather difficult part of Miranda was also well taken and her love scenes with young prince Ferdinand occasioned much laughter. Various other characters of the comedy were distinct, vivid, and realistic, and helped carry out the impression of a stage full of people.

Mr. Darrach's recital was a financial as well as an artistic success. The class of December, '13, was proud of this fact, for the expenses were exceptionally heavy. The class felt even more pride in the fact that it had contributed something of lasting educational and literary value to the students of the Alameda High School.

—MABEL BAIRD, '13.

The Football Show



ON Saturday evening, October eighteenth, a dramatic and musical recital was given at the Haight School Auditorium under the auspices of the Football Team.

All those who participated were graduates of the Alameda High School and therefore their work was of especial

interest to those in attendance. Miss Rose Von Schmidt, dramatic reader, Miss Alice Davis, vocalist, and Mrs. Ford Samuel, pianist, rendered the selections.

The readings were of varied nature and were most excellently given and the music was extremely enjoyable. Students and townspeople voted the affair a success.

The program was as follows:

1. A Touch of Nature.....Myra Kelly
2. (a) Were My Song With Wings Provided.....R. Hahn
- (b) Tender TiesAlfred Delbruck
3. In a Restaurant.....Beatrice Herford
4. (a) SpringEugene Hildach
- (b) The Boat Song.....Harriet Ware
5. A Lodging For the Night.....R. L. Stevenson
- (From "The Arabian Nights.")

—W. HAUCH.

The Vaudeville Show



DON'T forget the show for the benefit of the High School at the **Haight School**, December 12th, 1913! Several interesting acts and six reels of extra fine motion pictures will be the program for the evening. The show is one of great quality, as the performers are all high class and the pictures are all special reels. Among those performing are Miss Eugenia Clinchard, Hawaiian entertainers, Russian dancers direct from the Macdonough, and several other acts which are at the present time a secret. We all know that under the management of Harold Utter this performance will certainly be high class. The admission will be 25 cents, and it is hoped that all will attend, since it means that the school will be free from debt if \$100 is made.

—L. O.

The Senior Play

Cast of Characters

RIGHT HONORABLE THURSTON RALPH CANNING, Viscount KENDRICK VAUGHAN
 LORD NELSON STAFFORD.....CLARENCE NOBMANN
 MR. "FRED" STILLWATER.....VAN STEELE
 "GLEN" MASTERS.....ED. JOSEPH
 JENNINGS HOMER CORNICK
 FLASH RALPH DICKINSON
 LADY HELENA CANNING, Thurston's mother and
 sister to Lord Stafford.....MISS OLIVE MILLS
 GRANDMA CHAZY BUNKER.....
MISS MILDRED HOSKEN
 MRS. STILLWATER MISS MIRIAM VOLLMAR
 KITTY MISS GLADYS PENNOCK
 INDIANA STILLWATER.....MISS ELLA BROWNING

THE SENIOR PLAY.

N Friday evening, November 21, the Class of June, '14, gave their play, "Her Lord and Master," at the Adelphian Hall. It was presented to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience, whose approval and pleasure in it are proofs of the reputation won by the Class of June, '14, in the dramatic field. In selecting a play an effort was made to raise the standard and to give something different from the ordinary, which would at the same time reflect credit both on the school and the class.

The affair was a great success, both artistically and financially. The careful coaching of Mr. Carlyle was brought out in the smoothness and finish with which the play was produced. The financial success of the play was due principally to the strenuous efforts of the manager, William Brewer. Every member of the class worked hard to make the production successful, and the result was satisfactory, for every seat in the house was sold.

The cast displayed great talent and, owing to the careful selection by Mr. Carlyle, could not have been more suitable to their parts. Ella Browning, as Indiana Stillwater, took the leading feminine role, and held the audience every moment she was on the stage. Kendrick Vaughan (Lord Canning), as leading man, was very successful in portraying the difficult role of an Englishman whose plans were thwarted. Van Steele and Miriam Vollmar, who took the roles of Mr. and Mrs. Stillwater, respectively, showed marked ability. Mildred Hosken, as Grandma Chazy Bunker, carried out her part to perfection, bringing many a laugh from the audience. Clarence Nobmann, who took the role of Lord Stafford, carried out his part excellently and, with Grandma Chazy, added a large part of humor to the play. Ed. Joseph was certainly able to bring out his acting ability in the role of Glen Masters. Olive Mills, in the character of Lady Canning, took her part in a suitable dignified manner. Homer Cornick, as Jennings, carried out his part in an efficient way. Gladys Pennock, as Kitty, and Ralph Dickinson, as Flash, could not have carried out their parts better.

We also must not neglect to mention the excellent music furnished by Miss Todd's Orchestra, as it also added to the success of the production.

"Her Lord and Master"



The Rime of a Modern Senior

It is a modern Senior tall
And he stoppeth Freshmen three.
"Stay, juv'niles, wait! 'Til I relate
Of a show worth while to see.

"Adelphian's doors are open wide,
For all ye kith and kin.
The guests are met, the scene is set,
Pray, Freshies, enter in.

" 'Tis fair Indiana thou first shall see,
A pert little Yankee at home;
With her hubby so sage, she flies into a rage,
She has surely a mind of her own.

"Of Thurston, Lord Canning, ye now shall hear,
A "John Bull" of high degree,
Who falls in love with our lady so dear
And carries her over the sea.

"Anon shall ye know of Stillwater's fame,
A Westerner meek is he.
To avoid civil strife, he agrees with his wife,
So they managed to live happily.

"And grandma Chazy Bunker too
Doth tread upon the stage.
A grandma grown, but such a flirt
Ye ne'er could guess her age.

"A Briton bold doth smile on her
One sunny day in June.
Lord Stafford's old, but he's so bold
He speaks of a honeymoon.

"A disappointed lover is Glen,
And yet he can't forsake her.
He's courted Indy all his life;
He sure's some troublemaker.

"And dame Stillwater is right there
To boss her husband 'round.
And Lady Canning loathes ye slang
As Uncle Gerald found.

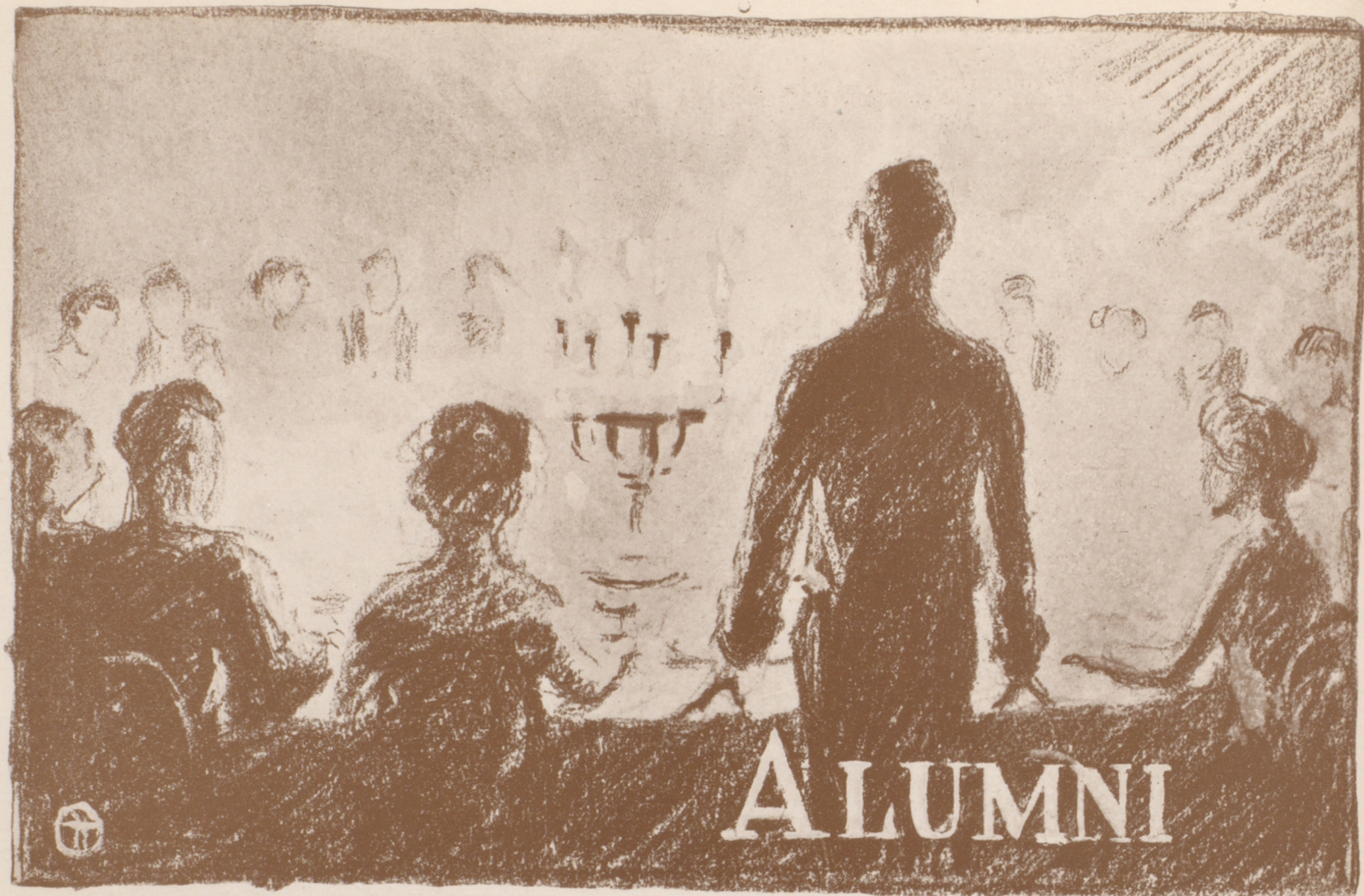
"Lord Stafford has a valet, Flash,
A bright and shining light,
Who loves to shout (when his master is out)
And tell what he thinks is right.

"As 'Bridget,' Kitty plays her part,
A fearless girl is she;
And faithful Jennings, now grown old,
A butler wise is he.

"But Freshmen, stay, depart not yet,
'Til finished is my lay;
To Fred Carlyle much praise be given,
He coached that Senior Play.

"And Billy Brewer managed all;
Miss Haworth, too, we thank,
And if ye doubt that coin we'll make,
Just journey to the bank.

"Farewell, farewell! But this I tell
To thee, thou Freshie guest:
To beat our cast, thou must go fast,
To make thy play the best."



California Alumni



THE number of former Alameda High students enrolled at the University of California has increased markedly in the last few years. At present over seventy-five alumni of Alameda are registered at California. The scholarship average has been above the average.

Following is the list of alumni, starting with those wearing the Senior's beaver and ending with those crowned with blue "frosh" hats, whom one meets almost daily on the campus.

Our alumni who are Seniors at the University of California are:

Ernest C. Brown.....Commerce
Manager of "Daily Californian"

Sigma Chi

Helen CorneliusSocial Science
Dorothy K. ClarkeSocial Science
Charles DodgeMechanics

Phi Delta Theta

Mildred DodgeSocial Science
Delta Gamma

Harriet FiggSocial Science
Maryly KrusiNatural Science
Delta Gamma. English Club.

Ethel LevySocial Science
Karl ShattuckAgriculture

Big "C" Society. American Intercollegiate
Record. Hammer Thrower

M. Ruth SherwoodSocial Science
Thomas Warren ThompsonCommerce
William WielandSocial Science
Clarence F. WoodinCivil Engineer
Edmund MargraveCivil Engineer
Spencer MastickAgriculture

Phi Delta Theta

The members of the Junior Class at California are:

Lucie AltonaNatural Science
Pi Beta Phi

Ruth L. BenedictNatural Science
Florence CopelandNatural Science
Robert E. ChristyMechanics

Phi Delta Theta

Anna DodgeNatural Science
Delta Gamma

Gladys DemingSocial Science
Clinton de WittCivil Engineer

Phi Kappa Sigma

Marguerite E. Griffin.....Natural Science
Mabel HardinSocial Science
Sadie L. OlderNatural Science
Alma B. Powell.....Social Science
Vinnie RobinsonNatural Science

Pi Beta Phi

Warren SanfordCommerce
Phi Kappa Psi

Helen R. SargentNatural Science
Pi Beta Phi

Marion E. WilcoxSocial Science
Delta Delta Delta

Katherine WestbrookNatural Science
Pi Beta Phi

The members of the Sophomore Class at California are:

Harry V. AdamsArchitecture
Delta Tau Delta

Arthur AitonNatural Science
Marion A. BrownSocial Science
Margaret DennisonNatural Science

Pi Beta Phi

Ruth M. Edinger	Social Science
Kappa Alpha Theta	
Gladys M. Eggers	Natural Science
Chi Omega	
Valerie Foveaux	At Large
Delta Delta Delta	
Jeanette W. Harber	Social Science
Melville H. Herspring	Agriculture
Harold H. Levkowicz	Architecture
Phi Kappa Psi	
Hazel Livingston	Social Science
Mildred Levy	Natural Science
Rose A. Margrave	Natural Science
Delta Delta Delta	
George H. Mastick	Agriculture
Phi Delta Theta	
Ramon L. Maytorena	Agriculture
Dorothy Otis	Natural Science
Kenneth Rogers	Natural Science
Acacia	
Helen Rosenberg	At Large
Hayward Thomas	Agriculture
Beta Theta Pi	
Eugenia Vaughan	Natural Science
Pi Beta Phi	
Albert Wagner	Natural Science
Amy L. Walden	Social Science
Delta Gamma. Treble Clef	
Harold Sutherland	Chemistry
Staff "Daily Californian."	Kappa Sigma

The members of the Freshman Class are:

Zdenka Buben	Social Science
William Degen	Agriculture
Wright D'Evelyn	Civil Engineer
Chi Phi	
Austin Eimer	Mining
Beta Theta Pi	
Floyd Gray	Social Science
Florence Hosken	Natural Science
Le Roy Krusi	Civil Engineer
Beta Theta Pi	
Kenneth Logan	Social Science
Hans Lemcke	Agriculture
Sigma Nu	
Marion Murdock	Natural Science
Alpha Phi	
Edwina Moyes	Natural Science
Pi Beta Phi	
Beatrice Morsman	Social Science
Carlos Mundt	Natural Science
Rose O'Connell	Social Science
Charles Rhein	Civil Engineer
Lindsey Sayre	At Large
Randolph Sharpstein	Natural Science
Adeline Toye	Social Science
Laura Wangeman	Natural Science
Chi Omega	
Elizabeth Walden	Social Science
Delta Gamma	

Our Alumni at Stanford



WORD has been received from Miss Marjorie Haight, bringing news of success of Alameda High graduates. Miss Haight, Delta Gamma, and Miss Marjorie Emmons, Kappa Kappa Gamma. Both are Seniors and expect to graduate this Christmas, taking their A.B. in History. Miss Emmons scored another success in the dramatic line this semester, her parts being in the

"Only Way" and "The Tyranny of Tears." Homer Spence, Chi Psi, is completing a fifth year in the law department. Ward Higgins, Kappa Sigma, has entered the law department. Rix Maurer, Beta Theta Pi, is working in mechanical engineering. Miss Haight and Miss Emmons attended summer school at Berkeley this year.

EXCHANGES

R. BARKER



Exchanges



WE are in receipt of many exchanges from different high schools, and hope to be remembered in the future. The exchange department has helped us to improve and to see ourselves as others see us. If it were not for this department, we could not well keep in touch with affairs of various schools. We hope our suggestions to others will be an aid and will be taken in a general sense. No school paper has reached perfection, and all may be improved in different ways.

"The ACORN" has been aided by its exchanges and we always hope to find an honest criticism rather than a mere acknowledgement. Some general suggestions offered to many school journals are that (1) the title page should tell the place of publication; (2) each department should have a separate heading; (3) cartoons with personal joshes add to the interest of a paper; (4) subjects should be grouped.

"The Far Darter," St. Helena, Cal.—The commencement number shows fine spirit. The literary department is interesting, especially the story, "Jerry's Furlough." It is a clever idea to have the whole class take part. Exchanges are not detailed and verse is mixed with exchanges.

"Green and Gold," Tuolumne County, Cal.—Tuolumne County High School has a readable paper. A department title for the literary section and more cuts would improve the issue.

"High School of Commerce," San Francisco, Cal.—The cover design is artistic and gives the appearance of a well-organized publication. The horoscope is cleverly written and the jokes are alive. The paper deserves special mention for its good work.

"Mistletoe," Willits, Cal.—The "Mistletoe" is a good paper published without any ads. The literary department might well be improved by stories with better plots.

"Potpourri," Auburn, Cal.—The annual shows that Placer County High School is filled with school spirit. The literary department, and especially the poetry, deserves special men-

tion, but why are editorials put among stories? The exchanges are just what they ought to be.

"Progress," Easton, Fresno County, Cal.—We are glad that Easton High has regained school spirit. The paper shows effort and has many good points. Since there is a literary department, why are stories scattered throughout the issue?

"Purple and White," Madera, Cal.—The poetry is enjoyable and deserves praise. Why not some jokes running through the ads? Cartoons and more cuts would be an improvement.

"Redwood Chips," Crescent City, Cal.—Del Norte County High School certainly has a good little paper. The joshes are well worth reading.

"Searchlight," San Rafael, Cal.—The excellent literary department is above criticism. The paper is one of our best exchanges. The cuts, especially in the athletic department, are fine.

"Senior Annual," Fleischman, New York.—The paper shows fine effort for a small school. The jokes are good and the literary and editorial material are excellent. A page of contents, better arrangement and department cuts would make a fine paper.

"Siskiyou Nugget," Etna Mills, Cal.—The appearance is neat, the cover design is very dainty, and the stories are good. Here's to better luck with the exchanges in the future, as they are important to the success of every school paper.

"Trident," Santa Cruz, Cal.—As usual, the paper is commendable. The Senior and Athletic departments seem to be very active. Why not have a larger literary section? There is room for increasing the exchange department.

"Wilmerding Life," San Francisco, Cal.—We welcome the paper, as the commencement number is up to the standard. The literary department is interesting. The idea of a new division, "Roses and Thorns," is clever and will prove beneficial. We are always glad to see the paper and can give only the highest praise for well-organized excellence.

SOCIETY



THE DAILY SIZZLER

Vol. CIII.

No. 2107.

Freshmen Welcomed by Upper Class Girls.

The incoming Freshmen were welcomed by the girls on the afternoon of September the fourth. A program was arranged by the girls of the Low Senior class. Miss Charlotte Culver welcomed the Freshmen with a little talk, to which Miss Mildred Maurer responded. The Senior girls favored the Freshmen with a skit entitled, "Our Rehearsal," and a baby doll chorus was given. A "Sailors' Hornpipe" concluded the program, and the remainder of the afternoon was set aside for dancing, refreshments and making new acquaintances.

Verna Shouten Gives Afternoon.

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent on the twelfth of September at the home of Miss Verna Shouten. Cards were the diversion for the afternoon, after which delicious refreshments were served. Some of the younger set present were the Misses Mignon Henrici, Ruth Heidt, Marion Walden, Elizabeth Funke, Elvira Tiernan, Mildred Jacobs, Esther Bruton, Helen Bruton, Muriel Pattiani, Virginia Younger and Verna Shouten.

Miss Charlotte Culver Gives Dainty Affair.

On Saturday afternoon, September the thirteenth, Miss Charlotte Culver entertained a group of friends at her home on Central avenue. The afternoon was devoted to cards, "Dutch whist" being the diversion. The house was decorated in yellow coreopsis and ferns, the color schemes being carried out to perfection. The guests were the Misses Gertrude Kelly, Francis Garrett, Jeanne and Helen Sturtevant, Elsie Hebrank, Geraldine Traphagen, Florence Miller, Alice Culver, Doris and Alice Ives, and others.

Margaret Temple Gives Dance.

Margaret Temple entertained a group of the younger set

with a dance at her home on Friday evening, September the nineteenth. The house was artistically decorated. The evening was spent in merry-making and dancing. Those included in the evening's festivities were the Misses Anita Heinsohn, Elsie Hebrank, Esther Horton, Jeanne Sturtevant and Doris Ives, and the Messrs. Robert Baker, George Palmer, Kenneth Lynch, Linford Pearson, Harold Etter, and others.

Cannibals Are Hosts for Dance.

The Alameda "Tribe of Cannibals" were hosts for a dance given at the Encinal Yacht Club, September the twentieth. The hall was decorated, the most striking feature being a life-sized cannibal at the further end. The Cannibal dances are always greatly appreciated by all, and this one more than upheld the usual standard.

"Star and Key" Social.

On Saturday evening, October fourth, Mrs. Lum entertained the members of the "Star and Key Society" at her home. A perfectly delightful evening was spent. The hostess provided rare entertainment, consisting of most interesting extracts from Dr. Lum's letters from abroad. The evening was concluded with various games, after which refreshments were served. Among those present were the Misses Virginia Younger, Beatrice Braue, Alice Levy, Lottie Hamilton, Audrey Spence, Adeline Toye, Zdenka Buben, Ruth Barker, Dorothy Clennan, Ingrid Moe, Marion Farrington, Agnes Moe, Mabel Baird, Grace Bradford, Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Berg, and Messrs. Alvin Aster, Clyde Shepardson, Charles Rhein, Irving Cockroft, Bruce Farrington, Clarence Nobmann, Kendrick Vaughan, William Vaughan, William Boodt, Van Steele, Arnold Theus and Donald Lum.

Kenneth Lynch Is Host for Dance.

A dance was given, October the eleventh, at the home of Kenneth Lynch. The house was decorated with beautiful dahlias and ferns. Delicious refreshments were served later in the evening. Some of the younger set which made up the party were the Misses Pauline Turner, Helen Knowles, Mignon Henrici, Lillian Suydam, Ruth Heidt, Hilda Van Brunt, Jeanne Sturtevant, Margaret Temple, Doris and Alice Ives, and the Messrs. Robert Baker, Henry Westbrook, Emerson Spear, Albion Spear, Jocelyn Bates, Sherman Asche, George Palmer, Morris Clarke, Philip Holden, Donald Lynch and Kenneth Lynch.

"Scribeans" Have Dance.

"Scribeans," a group of fellows who spend their vacation annually on the Russian River, at their camp, "Scribeans," were hosts for an informal dance given at Adelphian Hall, October the seventeenth. The hall was appropriately decorated with camp signs, cartoons of camp life, and other souvenirs from the camp. A few of those who enjoyed their hospitality were the Misses Charlotte Culver, Mignon Henrici, Loes Sharpe, Frances Garrett, Emma Watson, Jeanne Sturtevant, Margaret Temple, Mildred McMaster, the Messrs. Sam Terry, Kendrick Vaughan, Harry Etter, Robert Baker, Billy Brewer, Harold Etter, Harold Goldbaum, Linford Pearson, and others.

Hilda Swenson and Helen Sturtevant Spend Week's Outing.

Hilda Swenson, with Helen Sturtevant as her guest, spent the mid-term vacation at the Swenson summer home on the Russian River. The time was given to canoeing, swimming, tramping and horse-back riding.

Marion Walden Hostess for Sewing-Bee.

Miss Marion Walden was hostess for an informal sewing-bee, on Saturday afternoon, October the twenty-fifth, at her home on San Antonio avenue. Yellow and white chrysanthemums were used in the decorations. Some of the guests were the Misses Ruth Heidt, Ruth Eubanks, Helen Sanford, Clarisse Sheldon, Lillian Suydam, Elizabeth Funke, Virginia Younger, Helen Bruton, Esther Bruton, Beatrice Braue, Mildred Maurer, Pauline Turner, Mignon Henrici and Edith Cordé.

Marjorie Stanley Is Hostess for Dance.

Marjorie Stanley was hostess for a dance given at her home, October thirty-first. Hallowe'en was the suggestion throughout the decorations. The table was adorned in ferns and yellow calleopsis, dainty favors completing the decorations. Delicious refreshments were served while much merry-making took place. The guest list included the Misses Agnes Flanagan, Annette Feader, Evelyn Baine, Juliette Baine, Isabel Von Hoffman, Anita Purcell, Frances Robinson, Marian Weaver, Marjorie Stanley, the Messrs. Fred Terry, Leslie Feader, Walter Dennison, George Latham, Oliver Searing, Linford Pearson, Alvin Chattock, John Morris, Gordon Cunningham and Harlan Frost.

George Palmer Is Host for Dance.

A dance was given by George Palmer at his home, on November first. The house was decorated with flowers and Hallowe'en suggestions. A buffet supper was served later in the evening. Some of those who enjoyed the hospitality of the host were the Misses Mignon Henrici, Frances Redman, Jeanne Sturtevant, Margaret Temple, Pauline Turner, Elizabeth Funke, Ruth Heidt, Doris Ives, and Messrs. Philip Holden, Kenneth Lynch, Burton Wilcox, Henry Westbrook, Robert Baker, Morris Clarke, Jack Morris, Emerson Spear, Sherman Asche and George Palmer.

Mary Dunbar Leaves for Northwest.

Mary Dunbar left the beginning of this term for the Northwest, where she will make her future home in Portland. She will attend the Jefferson High School, one of the largest and best in that city.

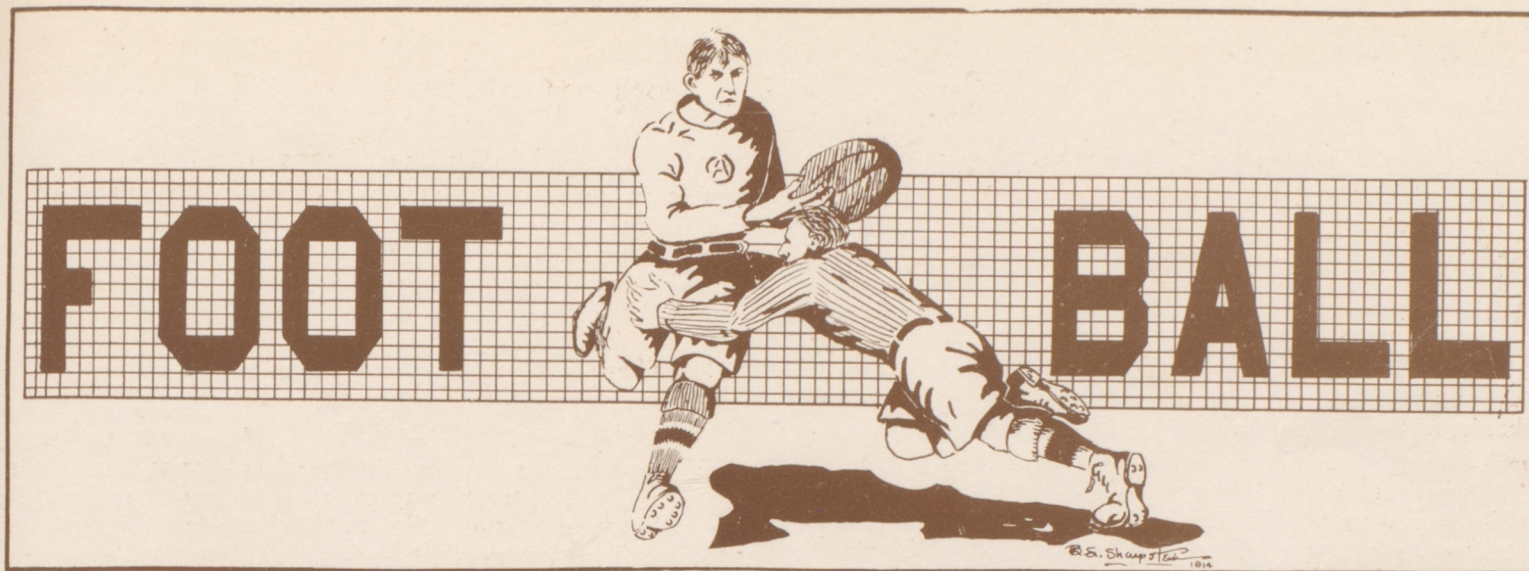
Among those that took part in entertaining Miss Dunbar before her departure were the Misses Hilda Van Brunt, Frances Garrett, Geraldine Traphagen, and Alice and Doris Ives.

Alameda High School Girls Leave for East.

Dorothy Soule, Leslie Brown and Bernice D'Evelyn, former High School students, are pursuing courses of study in New York. Many dainty affairs were given in their honor, before their departure.

ATHLETICS





THE TEAM.

Front Rank	Five Eighths
JOHNSON, VOLBERG	VON SCHMIDT, J. HARDIN
Lock	Half
TILDEN	L. HOLLYWOOD
Center Three	PERKINS
Side Rank	Wing Three Quarters
CLAPP, PEARSON	P. HOLLYWOOD, A. HARDIN
Rear Rank	Full Back
BIRBECK, WHITE	LARKIN
Substitutes.	
Forwards	Backs
SHARPSTEIN, LA SHELLE	BATES, TOWNSEND
MEHAN	SHEPARDSON

The 1913 Season



EARLY this fall, Captain Tilden called the first practice and a good showing was made. Regular practice at Lincoln Park took place every afternoon, and soon the boys rounded into condition. Manager Joseph secured Jack Glascock as coach. If it were not for the timely and generous aid of our best friend, Major Tilden, Mr. Glascock could not have been obtained. Major Tilden made it possible to possess the best coach around the bay and to him and his school-spirit are due the thanks of the student body.

Coach Glascock has played on the California Varsity in 1906, the All-American team of 1912, the All-France team in 1909, and this year with the California Club as captain. He is a mountaineer, wrestler, swimmer, as well as expert football player and coach. Coach Glascock had all the back field to build, and only two men were left of last year's scrum. Thanks are due him for his successful efforts to make a good team.

Others who turned out for the team were: Bill Redmond, "Lank" Miles, Hauch, "Wild Joe" Palmer, Ken Lynch, Clarke, "Mgr." Joseph, Meyers, "Phoney" Dickenson, "Keeno" Trap-hagen, Harold Dexter and Walter Garrett. The spirit of loyalty shown by these fellows is worthy of note and is appreciated by the student body.

The team was backed financially by the school. New suits were afforded and new balls were plentiful. Also, a trip to Reno was given as a reward for hard training, and to do this the treasury was drained to the last cent, making the total spent on football this year come up to a little over \$450.

The following is a detailed account of each game:

Alameda 3, Cogswell 11.

The 1913 season started with a defeat at the hands of Cogswell High. The game was devoid of team work on either side, but was not lacking in "fight." Cogswell got the long end of an 11-to-3 score, every point of which they had to work for. Alameda's playing showed the immediate need of a coach. Larkin, Von Schmidt and Myers showed well in the back field; likewise Tilden, Tommy Graves and Clapp did the heavy work among the forwards.

Alameda 3, Berkeley 0.

Revenge is sweet! On the 30th of August, the Alameda squad of Rugbyites walloped their old friends from the college town to a 3-to-0 tune. The game was a great improvement over the Cogswell struggle, and a little team work was in evidence. Alameda's forwards were on the ball all the time, as also were the backs. However, it was only a practice game and didn't amount to much. Those seen for the first time in the line-up were Volberg, Dexter, Hollywood, Sam Hardin, "Smear 'em" Joseph, La Shelle, "Curley" White, Hauch and "Shadow" Miles.

Alameda 8, St. Ignatius 0.

Alameda's hopefuls added another victory to their string by defeating St. Ignatius at Lincoln Park, Thursday, September 11th. The game was fast all the way through, the work of the back field being particularly noticeable. A splendid passing rush featuring Perkins and Hauch resulted in the first tally.

The second half showed considerable improvement on the part of our opponents, and for some time they were dangerously near our goal line. However, our forwards broke through



Football Team, 1913

the line and soon had the ball at the opposite end, where it remained the remainder of the game. The team work of the Alameda squad was not altogether lacking and showed the good work of Coach Glascock.

Alameda o, California Freshman 24.

Tuesday, September 16, proved a stumbling-block to the Alameda High Ruggers, as they met with an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the California "Babies." The first half was comparatively good, ending with a score of 6 to 0. But of the second half, little can be said, for the fighting representatives of the class of '17 plowed through our defense time and again, piling up a score of 24 at the end of the game against our goose egg.

"Flame" D'Evelyn, an Alameda graduate, figured well for the "Babies," while Captain Tilden, Clapp, Myers and Perkins were the Alameda stars. "Doc Cook" Traphagen was much in need of a basket, while little Foster Miles drew the only cheer from California's rooting section.

Considering the size and greater experience of our opponents, we have nothing to be ashamed of, for, although we were hopelessly outweighed, we made them fight hard for every try.

Alameda o, St. Mary's o.

Although our opponents outweighed us, the fighting spirit of Alameda High urged our boys to hold them scoreless. The game was fast and full of spectacular plays. Two or three times the St. Mary's crew nearly scored, but after a little urging by Captain Tilden, the scrum presented a stone-wall defense. No doubt we would have scored if the halves were longer, for the boys were just rounding into condition.

Alameda o, Oakland 8.

The first league game was played against Oakland High at Lincoln Park, September 27. A large crowd was present,

which increased the excitement of a good game. Captain Tilden kicked off and the game started with a rush. The back field work of the Oakland team was particularly noticeable, while Alameda's forwards had a shade over their opponents. All the scoring was done in the first half, when by two brilliant passing rushes Oakland was netted six points. Johnny Black converted one of the tries at a hard angle, making the score 8-0.

Alameda came back strong in the second half, nearly scoring on several occasions and holding Oakland down without any further points. The Alameda scrum showed its superiority in this half, but the back field was weak. The game as a whole was a good exhibition of rugby and Coach Glascock deserves much credit for the rapid advancement of a practically new team. Clapp, Von Schmidt, Captain Tilden and Andy Hardin featured for Alameda with Larkin, the star of several good kicks.

Alameda o, Palo Alto 23.

The team traveled to Palo Alto, only to receive a severe drubbing, getting the short end of a 23-0 score. Len Hollywood failed to appear, which left the back field crippled. Larkin had to be moved into half and "Red" Mehan filled in at full back. Palo Alto's back field was the fastest we have yet run across, and, although our scrum played rings around the opposing pack, the back field could not hold their men. Our gallant manager, "Duke" Joseph, was the only rooter from Alameda, and his cheering voice undoubtedly had much to do with keeping the score so low.

Alameda 3, Fremont o.

The carriers of the little A won in fine style our second league game against Fremont. Perkins kicked off and our pack rushed the ball down to their twenty-five yard line. During the first half, we were unable to score.

"Tiny" Bates played his initial game at half and certainly made good, showing that size does not count for everything. Bud Larkin was there with the boot, gaining many yards with his long spirals. The ball was in Fremont's territory nearly all the game. The second half resulted in a dribbling rush down to their five yard line, where Captain Tilden broke loose from a scrum to carry it over for three points. Clapp and the three Hardin brothers featured with Perkins, hitting the line in good style.

Not a very large crowd attended, but with the aid of a few megaphones donated by B. Ohlson, the rooting section made quite a racket. A little excitement was caused after the game by an attempt to get away with Fremont's banner by some Alameda alumni. During the struggle eight and one-half dozen hats were carted off, but were later returned.

Alameda 3, Chi Phi 6.

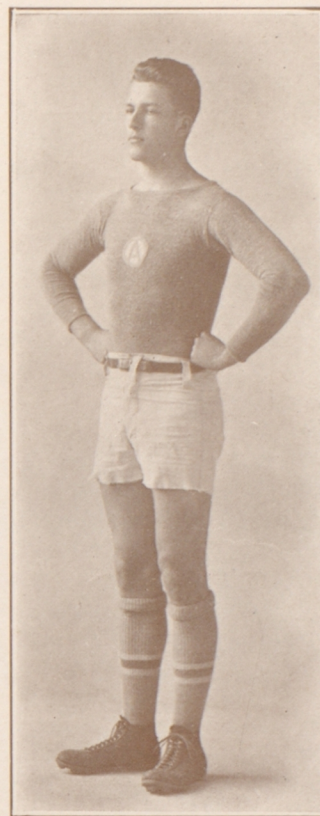
Contrary to expectations, the Rugbyites from Berkeley defeated us in a fast exhibition at Lincoln Park. They scored the first try within half a minute of play, taking our "hopes" completely off their feet. The score was tied, however, by a splendid field goal in the second half. The Chi Phi ruggers had a strong come-back and duplicated with a drop kick, making the score 6-3. Darkness covered the field toward the close of the game and the way the boys followed the ball resembled those queer antics of Joe Owl.

Alameda 0, Berkeley 0.

We were not able again to out-distance our rivals. The game from the Alameda standpoint was not up to the standard, although the team fought hard. Four chances to score were thrown away by the absence of Andy Hardin, who was barred on account of being a post-graduate. Berkeley resorted to rough tactics, which brought retaliation in the same manner. Len Hollywood was again seen at half and played a splendid

game, breaking up many plays. Berkeley nearly made a try, but the game was saved by timely work amongst the forwards.

Captain Tilden played well, while both John and Sam Hardin



CAPTAIN TILDEN

worked in good form. Perkins and Pearson also showed well.

Alameda 27, Reno 0.

Some twenty odd fellows took the train for Reno on the 23rd of October, and on arrival were given an automobile ride around the city. At noon we were brought to Reno's beautiful new high school, a building which satisfies our desires for a fully equipped, modern building. A very palatable luncheon was served by the girls, which was duly appreciated by the fellows.

The game was played on the Mackay Athletic Grounds, and was a good exhibition, notwithstanding the score. The ball was pushed over for a try after five minutes of play and then the procession commenced. Perkins made several good converts during the game, but Roly Von Schmidt was a regular All Black, getting away with the fake pass trick several times for long gains. The score at the first half was 14-0.

Captain Tilden kicked off at the second half and the ball was soon over for a try. Perkins then converted. The back field work was the best of the season, as the passes were all sure and a player was always there to receive them. Bud Larkin, at full, and Captain Tilden played the games of their lives. Len and "Diddy" Hollywood, together with "Energy" Johnson, played fine ball. At the finish 27 tallies were piled up.

The spirit of Reno High was the best ever exhibited by an opponent of Alameda. They took their defeat like men and fought for every inch. One small thing that illustrates their spirit was when a Reno player, although exhausted himself, told the water-carriers to attend to our players first.

The referee had much to do with the score. It should have been higher, but "we should worry."

The team was entertained royally at a dance given in the high school gymnasium. Everybody enjoyed themselves and none of us were quite willing to return the next morning. However, the trip home was quite exciting, as a small baseball

game was played in the front seat, which ended by Joe Reno, the original green-eyed monster, breaking up the game in the ninth, with a home run.

Major Tilden was the rooting section for Alameda, and made more noise than the whole Freshman element at home.

Alameda 11, Reno 0.

Alameda defeated the sage brush city to a 11-0 tune, making the total number of points in six games 118 to Reno's cipher. That's what is called "batting a thousand." Saturday morning, the 1st of November, was stormy and exceedingly bad for playing football. Old "Joe" Pluvius made Lincoln Park look like a duck pond, and to this we partially owe our success, for Len Hollywood thought he was chasing ducks and made himself very prominent in the scoring. Reno High played a much improved game, but on account of the slippery ball and field, there were no passing rushes to amount to anything. Captain Tilden played his usual steady game and was ably backed by "May" Clapp, who seemed much attracted to this new game of "water polo." We felt as never before the need of a swimming team at Alameda High School.

Alameda 14, Belmont 0.

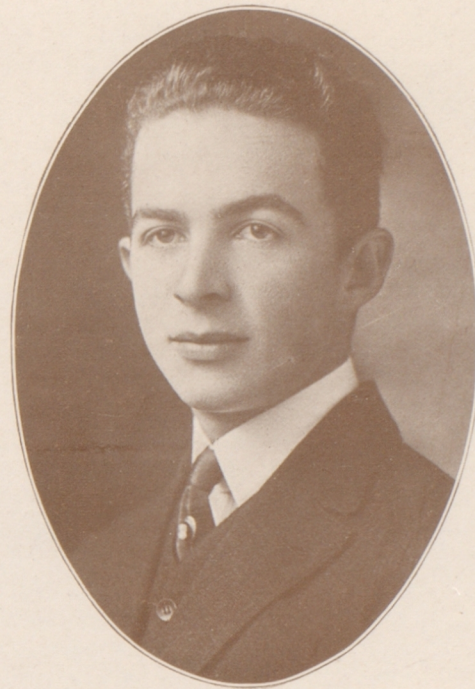
On the morning of November 8, the Alameda High defeated Belmont, making the total number of points run up by Alameda since 1910 thirty-one, to Belmont's goose egg. The team was well trained and worked like clockwork, and the back field passed accurately and made many long runs. Good kicking was noticeable in both teams. Alameda outclassed Belmont both in the scrum and back field, although outweighed some eight pounds to the man.

Andy Hardin played his last game for us and certainly showed that in him we lose a great player. Ben Sharpstein got in at front rank for half the game and proved himself well. La Shelle, Townsend and Red Mehan also played in good style and bid fair for next season.

Manager Joseph

GREAT credit is due our handsome little manager, known in sporting circles as "Kid Duke." He has arranged a good schedule and has provided for plenty of games.

Ed hails from Lowell High, whence he came in his Freshman year, and since his arrival he has been prominent in school affairs. All his transactions have been advantageous to the school and without his coöperation, Captain Tilden would have found it difficult to have achieved the success of this year.



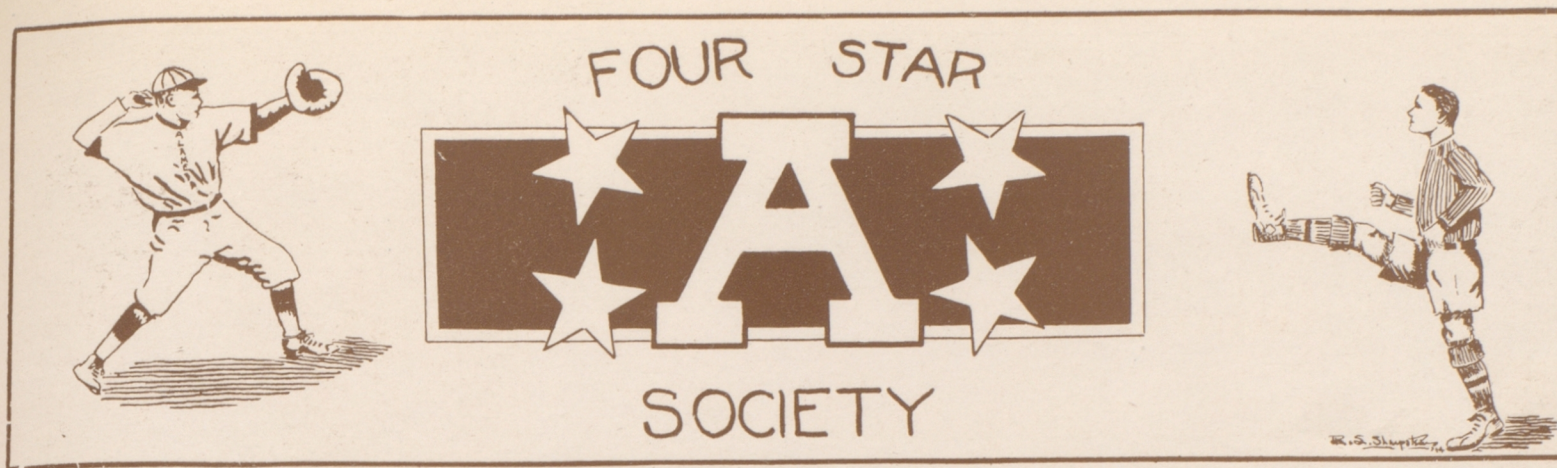
ROOTING

THE yelling this term has had periods of energy. Some games were attended by a large percentage of the school, while at others hardly enough were present to be called a rooting section. The primary reason for having a rooting section is to encourage our representatives on the honorable field of battle, not to make a racket in the Assembly Hall.

Some of the new yells are not well known as yet, but one has only to inquire of the yell leader, who will be happy indeed to inform. Now then, let us all get together to form a vigorous rooting section for next baseball season.

—“POT” BAKER.





TO win a "four-star A" an athlete must play four years on an Alameda High team and must be a member of one championship team. If he is a track man, he must place in the same event four times in any meet in which five or more preparatory schools are competing and must take at least one first place. The four-star A is conferred only on efficient athletes. It is the highest non-scholastic honor which the school can give. Therefore, Freshmen who would attain honors should be busy in their first year in order to make good.

Football claims five of these worthy warriors: Byron Paul, who was elected captain on the '06 team; "Butch" Bruzzzone, the star left guard; Charles Kiser, the sole possessor of two four-star A's, one for football and the other for baseball; Edwin R. Anthony, Jr., who played on three championship teams; and Domingo Bruzzzone, who played three years at American football and two at Rugby. Ralph Marx, who graduated before the symbols were given, was made an honorary member.

Baseball claims but three wearers of the four-star A:

Charles Murphy, captain in 1910; Edward Seagrave, being captain in '11, and Charles Kiser.

Only two track athletes have so far qualified to receive a four-star A: Edward Macaulay, who won the 220-yard dash in 1905, '06, '07; and Andrew Hardin, who is the last to be so honored. Hardin is worthy of especial mention, as he has stuck to track work and faithfully trained when no one else has had interest to turn out.

In 1910 he took third place in the high jump at the A. A. L. meet, and second place in the broad jump at the B. C. A. L. contests. He placed first in the broad, in 1911, at the B. C. A. L., and in 1912, he took first in the broad and second in the high jump. In 1913, he again placed first in the high, and second in the broad. In 1912, "Andy" won honors by defeating some 200 schools in capturing third place in the broad jump, both at the California and Stanford annual interscholastic meets.

Hardin has been practically the only point winner in this line of sport for many terms, and has been captain of the track team four times. Let us hope that Alameda may have more athletes of "Andy's" spirit.



Baseball Team



BASEBALL OUTLOOK FOR 1914.

THE team last year was excellent and was a "runner up" for the pennant, being defeated on the new Coast League grounds by Oakland Poly. The lineup was Dexter (c.), Logan (1st b.), Larkin (2nd b.), Hollywood (s.s.), Stone (3rd b.), Younger (l. f.), Coffin (r. f.), Branschied, Brewer (r. f.), and Brewer and Branschied (p.).

We expect great things from next year's team, for with such "vets" as Hollywood, Dexter, Larkin, Coffin and Brewer we will have a good basis to start on. Branschied and Younger are to return next term, which will make the team composed of at least seven veterans.

The boys have been turning out once a week to get a line on the younger material and some "finds" are sure among the "Yannigans." "Kid" Vaughan is a dandy little infielder and should round into good form by next spring. Another "find" is "Chief" Delameter from Modesto, who is a hurler, and heaving from the right side with plenty of smoke and sharp curves. His work with the war club, however, is particularly

noticeable, as he "tags 'em right on the pick." "Tom" Birbeck should make a good outfielder, as he hits the ball hard and has a good "peg." Amongst the other possibilities are Gardener, Sharpstein, "Zacher" Dickenson, "Bill" Nash, Shepard, Shepardson, Wilson and Westbrook.

Real support was not given to Captain Hollywood last year. He deserves much credit for what he accomplished, starting the season with practically a new team, and whipping them into first division.

The prospects are indeed bright for winning the championship with ease. One thing only is needed—financial support.

The football team this year has been appropriated the extraordinary sum of \$450 for the season. Has a baseball team ever received such a backing? Baseball is our national game and our school has put it in the background to advance a game without as many advantages.

Let me ask the backing of the whole school during this coming season. Let us make it the climax in the history of baseball at Alameda High School.

—WM. BREWER, Captain-elect.

Minor Sports

TRACK.

TRACK interests this term have received a severe setback. Never before in the history of the school has the spirit toward track been so indifferent. Last term the enthusiasm was contagious. Every one was interested and those who did not take active part had enough enthusiasm to watch the others. About thirty fellows turned out. Among them were Hardin, Clapp, Perkins, Chattock, Gardiner, Redmond, Volberg, Corry and Larkin. But this term only one fellow kept up the work—the old reliable Andy Hardin. Andy, however, did not turn out more than a few days, for he saw that he was not supported. When Andy stopped it meant that no one was entered from Alameda High in the track meets, thereby making the first time that Alameda has not been represented among schools of equal standing on the track field.

Now the fellows of the school can do nothing better for themselves and for the school than to give continued and enthusiastic support to the new and efficient track-captain for the ensuing year—Dean Perkins.

BASKETBALL

THE old question has come up again this term; that is, Are the girls of Alameda High School to have a basketball team? After a challenge from the Girls' High School of San Francisco, our girls became so enthusiastic that about twenty-four girls turned out, showing that there is a real demand and much material. If these girls will practice twice a week it will be a great thing for this school.

Alameda High has received challenges from other basketball teams, among them Lowell, Reno High and Girls' High School. The challenge from the Girls' High School is the one that has

caused most interest and it is hoped that the ensuing game will be most exciting.

Knowing that we have good material, it is sincerely hoped that the interest will keep up and that Alameda will be able to challenge all the schools about the bay.

—E. D. B., '14.

SWIMMING.

ALAMEDA HIGH, although completely surrounded by water, has done little in the last few years toward supporting a swimming team. The prospects for the coming term are much brighter, and it is to be hoped that this phase of athletics will come again into activity.

TENNIS.

ALREADY much talk has been heard concerning the excellent tennis outlook of the Alameda High School for 1914. When Capt. Phelps Hollywood and Mac Riddell easily beat the Humboldt High team, they proved that Alameda is to be reckoned with in the tennis line. As "Windy" Branscheid and Mac Riddell are to return next term, Alameda ought easily to be able to hold its own with any of the high schools of this county. The team of Branscheid and Hollywood has proved conclusively that it is one of the best in this vicinity, as the two were the runners-up in the Alameda City Championship. Miss Helen De Lorme, the girl champion of Alameda, student of Alameda High, is practicing daily in preparation for future tournaments. Shepard and Brown are two Freshmen whose recent victories over older players have given them a considerable rating.

Summing it all, Alameda High ought to put forth its strongest tennis team into the 1914 field.

—C. D. S., '17.



Joshes

No doubt she'll say these jokes are old,
No doubt she'll 'plain of waspish sting,
No doubt the lout is coarse and bold
Who dared at **Her** a dart to fling;

Bright One.

Van Steele—When is a whole not a whole?
Stroupe—Got me!
Van Steele—When a term is divided into three quarters.

He Was Right.

Lin Pearson—I was out in Etter's auto last week. He has everything in it, even a pedometer.
Wilcox—You mean speedometer. A pedometer is an instrument for measuring how far you walk.
Lin Pearson—All right; I'll stick to pedometer.

As She Likes It.

G. Kelly—I wonder why she wears such tight gloves?
H. Van Brunt—That's the way she gets her hand squeezed.

Another Shot for Trappy.

"Isn't that Traphagen ever going to propose?"
"I guess not; he's like an hourglass."
"How's that?"
"The more time he gets, the less sand he has."

Teacher (in Physical Geography)—Frank, tell me the definition of a spring.

F. Gardiner—Oh—er—A wire put under a bed to make it soft.

H. Weigandt—Why is my gown like a crowded theatre?
I. Redmond—Standing-room only.

No doubt she'll smile at jest retold,
No doubt the hall with laugh will ring,
No doubt she'll pout and feign to scold
If **He** is proved the funny thing.

Bashful Oliver.

O. Searing—I threw a kiss to her the other day.
Fred Terry—What did she say?
O. Searing—She said I wasn't much of a business man if I couldn't establish a delivery system.

Duke Taking a Chance.

Sharpstein—She has the prettiest mouth in all the world.
Duke—Oh, I don't know! I'd put mine up against it any time.

Nobmann Slips One Over on Our Suffragette.

"Why is the English language spoken of as the mother tongue?"
"I think it is because women use it more than men do."

Last Reports From the Hoot Club.

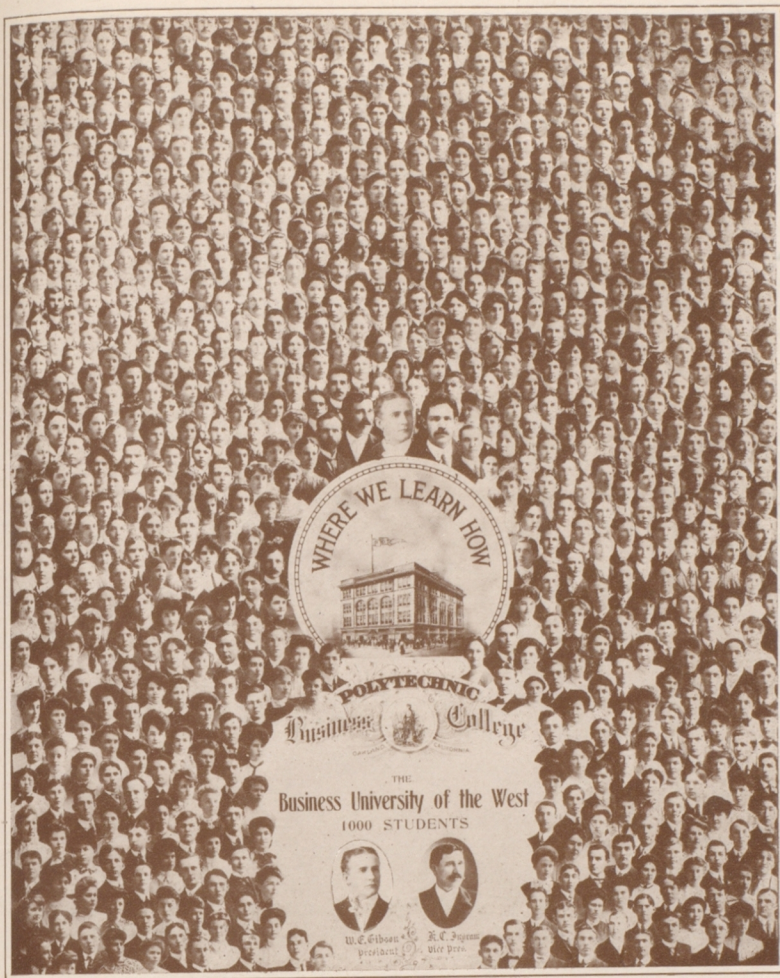
Pater—How do you know our daughter and her young man haven't made up their quarrel yet?
Mater—Because the gas has been turned up high all evening.

Educating Latham.

The editor of the ACORN received this letter from George Latham:

"Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her?"

The editor hereby replies,
"If you will send us your photograph, we may be able to tell you the reason."



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H. C. INGRAM, Vice-President

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Treasurer

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Teacher (in English class)—It says here something is on the knees of the gods. What do you suppose it is?

Holden—The goddesses.

Hair Tonic for Snookie.

Snookie (putting his hand on the side of his face)—Gee, feel them, Perkins!

Perkins—No, Snookie, you feel them; you know where they are.

Trappy Is Some Ancient.

Goldie—Do you know when there were only twenty-four letters in the alphabet?

Trappy—No, when?

Goldie—In the time of Noah, before U and I were born.

Le Count—Wasn't General Grant rather cold at Appomattox?

C. Baldwin—Why?

Le Count—Because while Lee wore a suit of warm Confederate gray, Grant was simply attired in a Union suit.

Jake—That is some loud suit of Latham's.

T. Bates—He ought to wear a muffler with it.

In Right With Dad.

S. Terry—I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me.

She—You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me, he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy.

S. Terry—Indeed! What did he say?

She—He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast.

Moon Madness.

Miss Hewitt—What effect does the moon have upon the tide?

F. Garrett—None! It affects only the untied.

The Effect of Rumination.

H. Zobel—What's that bump on your head?

A. Gilliland—That's where a thought struck me.

Lots of Time.

D. Ives—So he's been calling on you regularly for ten years. Why do you suppose he hasn't proposed?

G. Bradford—Oh, you see, he's the sort of man who always does things on the spur of the moment.

No Wonder.

Sharpstein—Don't you think dark blue suits are useful? One can wear them out almost anywhere.

Duke—A dance reminds me a great deal of a trip to San Francisco.

Tilden—Why?

Duke—Getting on and off trains.

No Resemblance.

Westbrook—Why do those two girls both hate you so?

T. Burbeck—I once innocently remarked that they looked alike.

Poor Clarence.

Nobmann (jolly)ing—I'll bet you don't know how to kiss?

Epaphrodita—Perhaps not; but I have made it a point never to miss a chance to learn.

H. Sturtevant—Has Johnson learned to dance yet?

E. McKimmins (indignantly)—Why, of course, he can dance!

H. Sturtevant—On his toes?

E. McKimmins—Well, naturally! Why do you ask that?

H. Sturtevant—Oh, nothing! Only last time he danced on mine.

High School Education.

Freshman—Could you tell me where I can find employment?

Senior—Yes, you will find it in the dictionary under the letter E.

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OUR



MISS BERG
AND
MISS DY BOIS.



MR. AGARD
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MR. RICE.



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MISS CONNOLLY
AND
MISS HAIR.

FACULTY.



MISS ROSENTHAL.



MISS HEWETT.



MR. MCGLAUGHLIN.



MISS GARRETSON



MR. ROBERTS.

Our Fast Man.

W. Brune—Lawrence Dean is leading a rather gay life, don't you think?

G. Goldthwaite—Oh, not to speak about!

W. Brune—I won't mention it.

The Old Sport.

Nick—If you were crossing the street and saw a worm, would you pick it up?

She—Certainly not!

Nick—Then you're no chicken.

Kidding the Children Along.

Don Pearson—Do you believe in kissing?

Ruth Howe—I don't approve of kissing children.

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ACTUAL OFFICE PRACTICE

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A fellow from old Mississippi
Was courting a girl who was snippi.
He said, "Be my bride?"

But she coldly replied,
"Aw, beat it, young feller! You're dippi!"

M. Bosse—Did you read about the Philadelphia man who drank shellac-varnish?

G. Sutton—Yes, and the poor fellow never lived to see the finish.

A Little Off.

Bud L.—What did you think of the dinner party last night?

Von Schmidt—It was the most daring bareback performance that I ever attended.

Some Slam.

T. Bates—Does your father object to my staying so late?

R. Heidt—No; he says it serves me right for being in when you call.

That a Way, Snooky!

Little Snooky Etter had attended his first football game, but the thing that impressed him most was only made apparent when he said his prayers that night. He ended like this:

"Bless Mama."

"Bless Papa."

"Bless Snooky."

Rah! Rah!

Wise Old Ben.

Ben Benas—Which would you rather have, a five dollar gold piece, or a five dollar note?

B. Rosen—Which would you?

Benas—The note, because you can fold it and see it in crease.

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Hinck, the Fighter.

Hinck—You ought to make a great fighter out of that dog
of yours.

McLaughlin—How?

Hinck—Feed him scraps.

R. Baker—I'm trying to raise a mustache and I'm wondering
what color it will be when it comes out.

Pattiani—Gray, I should say, at the rate it appears to be
growing.

Energy.

Trappy—I'm going in for athletics now.

Houck—Yes?

Trappy—I roll all my cigarettes now.

Barnes at the Box.

Barnes—Yes, I learned to play entirely by ear.

Teacher—And have you never had an earache?

Barnes—No.

Teacher—Piano-fortitude.

Bankruptcy.

Harry Etter—What do you think of the power of sugges-
tion?

Myers—Don't believe in it. I've suggested forty times to
Hollywood that he pay back that twenty cents he borrowed,
and it never touched him.

Femininities.

D. Baum—Is she a good conversationalist?

E. Braue—No; I couldn't get her to talk about anybody I
knew.

Always Ready.

Teacher (in Household Expenditure)—Why must we al-
ways be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?

E. Close—Because company may walk in at any moment.

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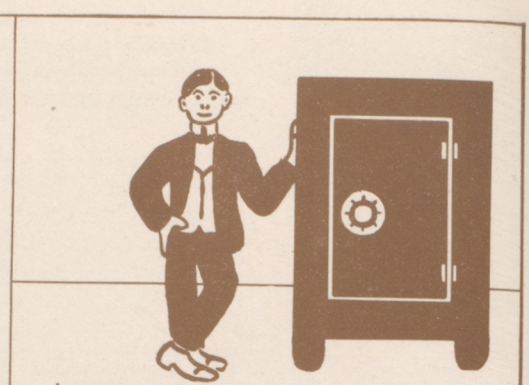
The High Senior



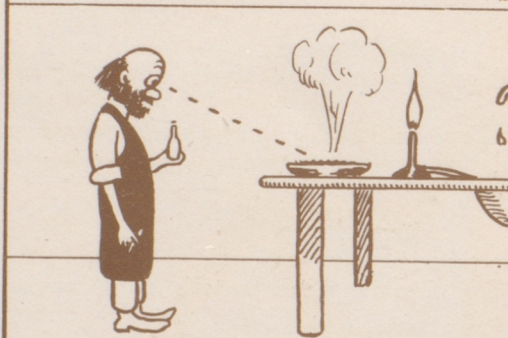
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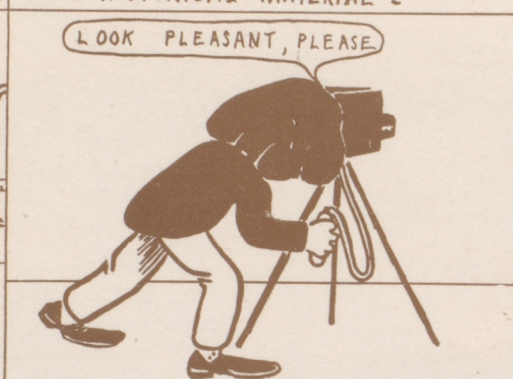
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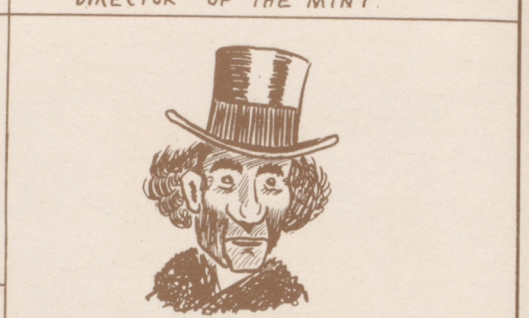
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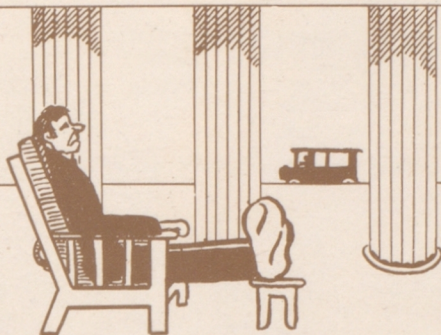


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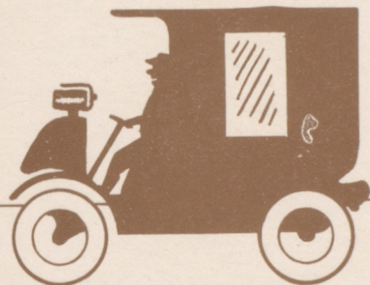
Class Prophecy



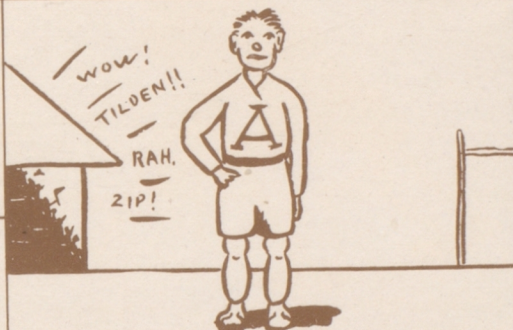
HON. CHARLES CLAPP, U.S. SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA, IS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN CONGRESS.



TRAPHAGEN, MANAGER OF THE HOTEL OAKLAND, IS SUFFERING FROM THE GOUT.



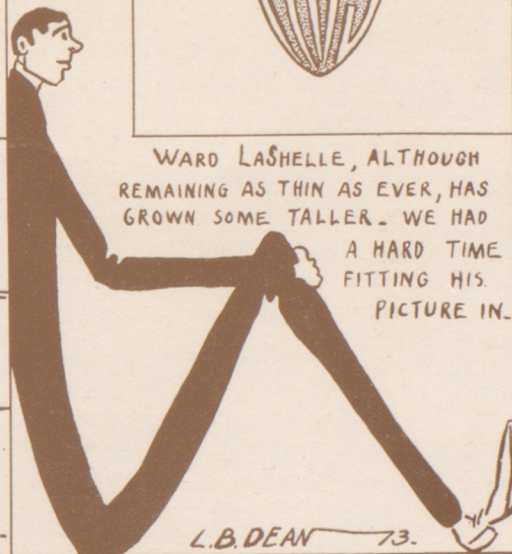
GEORGE RICHARDS HAS MADE A LARGE FORTUNE BY DRIVING A TAXI IN SAN FRANCISCO.



TILDEN IS GOING TO NEW ZEALAND NEXT MONTH AS COACH FOR THE ALL BLACKS.



WARD LASHELLE, ALTHOUGH REMAINING AS THIN AS EVER, HAS GROWN SOME TALLER. WE HAD A HARD TIME FITTING HIS PICTURE IN.



L.B. DEAN 73.

The All-Star Theatre

At the All-Star Theatre this season will be seen some of our most prominent stars in the popular shows. The following artists have been secured in their most characteristic roles at enormous expense to the management:

Mr. L. Dean, in "Romance."
 Miss R. Howe, in "A Winning Miss."
 Mr. L. Hollywood, in "The Little Minister."
 Miss E. Braue, in "A Woman's Way."
 Miss L. Johansson, in "Mme. Sans-Gene."
 Mr. L. Hoffman, in "If I Were King."
 Miss R. Walden, in "A Strange Woman."
 Messrs. W. Vaughan and H. Peterson, in "The Cyclops."
 Mr. W. Dessauer, in "The Fight."
 Miss H. Sanford, in "The Younger Set."
 Miss M. Leonard, in "The Flirting Princess."
 Miss E. Paulsmeyer, in "The Talker."
 Miss F. Miller, in "Bella Donna."
 Miss F. Harber, in "A Doll's House."
 Mr. H. Cornick, in "The Dance of the Bee."
 Miss M. Hosken, in "Little Women."
 Miss J. Sturtevant, in "A Good Little Devil."
 Miss E. Browning, in "Her Lord and Master."
 Mr. H. Johnson, in "Never Say Die."
 Mr. A. Gilliland, in "A Pair of Blue Eyes."
 Mr. H. Rogers, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
 Miss F. Garrett, in "The Tangorilla."
 Mr. F. Miles, in "Palmer Cox's 'Brownies'."

Mr. J. Holling, in "Joseph Entanglet."
 Miss V. Delamater, in "The Flirt."
 Miss E. Frater, in "Love Letters of a Musician."
 Miss M. Murray, in "But Yet a Woman."
 Mr. G. Weeden, in "The Misanthrope."
 Miss C. Sheldon, in "Pillars of Society."
 Mr. E. Heinsohn, in "The Fortune Hunter."
 Miss M. Meyers, in "As You Like It."
 Mr. S. Maule, in "The Grain of Dust."
 The Messrs. E. Jones, E. Payne, L. Feader, L. Durst, A. Dunn, M. Farwell and H. Cuneo, in "Seven Against Thebes."
 Miss E. Hebrank, in "The Merry Widow."
 Miss J. Bain, in "The Rose of the Rancho."
 The Misses H. Hambly and A. Haskens, in "The Heracleidae."
 Miss R. Randolph, in "The Taming of the Shrew."
 Mr. P. Holden and M. Henrici, in "The Suppliants."
 Mr. Sewall Farwell, in "A Russian Honeymoon."
 Miss R. Barker, in "The Artist's Skill."
 Mr. F. Gardiner, in "His Majesty Bunker Bean."
 Miss E. Tandy, in "The Chorus Lady."
 Miss M. Bosse, in "An Old Fashioned Girl."
 Mr. H. Akagi, in "The Light of Asia."
 Mr. W. Traphagen, in "The Man Who Laughs."
 Mr. P. Stroupe, in "My Lady Nicotine."
 Mr. B. Farrington, in "The Admirable Crichton."
 Miss M. Ross, in "The Tempest."
 Miss M. Vollmar, in "Sense and Sensibility."

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III

What's the Use?

Perkins—I suppose you're still calling on a certain young lady?

D. Hollywood—I'm still calling on an uncertain young lady.

Pot Gets the Cold Shake.

R. Baker (quite worried)—She is so changeable!

A. Hardin—What's the matter now?

Robert—First she told me that she didn't like anything about me, and when I proposed she said, 'I like your nerve!'

Teacher—And why is the stork the rarest bird?

Lulu—Because it is always about, but nobody ever sees it.

Bill Brewer's Bill.

Bill had a bill board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the bill board to pay the board bill. So after Bill sold his bill board to pay the board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.

ALBERT WOLFF

MARTIN ASTIZ

PHONE ALAMEDA 556

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LUNCH TIME.



TWO ARDENT
BACKERS.



A FEW OF OUR INFANTS.



FOUR DASHING
QUEENS.



OUR FAN!



A JOKE—



AH! WHO HAS THE
PAPERS?



THE SMILE
OF
SUCCESS!



SHARPIE '17.



HIS SHADOW—



BREWER.



I CAN LICK
ANY GUY MY
SIZE IN A.H.S.



SENATOR CLAPP
PRACTICING.



THE HAIRY MAN??



A BUNCH OF BORES—



BASKETBALL.
A.H.S. 29. G.H.S. 21.

This Is No Joke!

REMEMBER THE

Vaudeville Show

At Haight School, December 12, 1913

AND THE

Monstrous Extravaganza

TO BE GIVEN AT THE BEGINNING OF NEXT TERM

Both Will Be Staged By the High School

EVERY ONE SHOULD ATTEND

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Reliable Groceries
AT RIGHT PRICES



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PHONE ALAMEDA 34

Showing Experience.

"Miss Baum, what is a company?"
D. Baum (embarrassed)—Er—two in the dark.

Teacher (in High Senior English)—You have all doubtless heard of the painter who was so religious that he painted all his pictures on his knees.

Gets Caught.

"Daughter," said Mater, at the breakfast table, "Did he take any of the umbrellas or hats from the rack when he went home last night?"

"Why, of course not, mother," laughed Daughter. "Why should he?"

"That's just what I'd like to know," said Mater; "because when he went out, I heard him say: 'I'm going to steal just one and'—why, what's the matter, Daughter?"

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February, Amethyst	August, Sardonyx
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1325 Park Street, Between Encinal and Alameda Avenues
Phone Alameda Alameda, California

A Little Delamater Wit.

L. Delamater—Only fools are certain, wise people hesitate.

V. Delamater—Are you sure?

L. Delamater—Why, I'm absolutely certain.

Not Wrong.

Teacher (in Geometry)—Miss Hamilton, that example is wrong.

L. Hamilton—Why, there's a picture of it in the book.

One on Charles.

Charles Tilden (on student meeting day)—I feel funny as the deuce. I've got a clean shirt on.

R. Buben—I hear that they're not going to have Cockroft any longer.

M. Brown—Why?

R. Buben—Because he's long enough, already.

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EASTMAN KODAK AGENCY

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2410 SANTA CLARA AVENUE

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Teacher—Milton says that when a person is really good, a thousand liveried angels guard him. I personally haven't noticed any angels sticking around me.

And He Did.

Waiter (at Reno)—Here is your soft-boiled egg, sir. Is there anything else I can do for you?

Perkins—Yes; beat it.

Tilden—I told father I loved you more than any girl I've ever met.

She—And what did father say?

Tilden—He said to try and meet some more girls.

A Soft Answer.

Sharpstein (riding on an Alameda car)—For the love of Mike! Can't you go any faster than this?

Motorman—Why, soitenly! But, ye see I have to stay on the car.

Ring Up Alameda 539

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G. Meyers—Awful cold you've got, Duke.

Duke Joseph—Got in a draught, I guess. Was down at Shepardson's, and that pesky dog of his just would wag his tail.

I'll Get Him Yet.

M. Walden—Did the fellow you ran over give you a tip for taking him to the hospital?

R. Sayre—He did not! The next time I run over him he'll know it.

Gus Weeden—I hope the rain keeps up.

H. Dexter—Why?

Gus—So it won't come down.

E. Tiernan—I wonder what causes the flight of time?

M. Jacobs—It is probably urged on by the spur of the moment.

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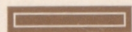
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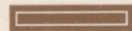
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Leave It to Skat.

Vaughan—I hear that a policeman chased your car last night because your lights were out. Did you stop?

S. Terry—Heavens! no! If I'd stopped I'd have been out, too.

Inexperienced.

Teacher—Will some one who has a large hand, step up and place it over the opening in the tube, in order to feel the pressure? Mr. Dickenson, will you try it?

Mr. Dickenson—I don't want to try it, I haven't a very large hand.

Teacher—I see Mr. Dickenson is not used to having his hand under pressure.

Arms and the Man.

Millie—Joe, dear, has an octopus really got eight arms?

Joe—Yes, love.

Millie (wistfully)—Wouldn't it be nice, Joe, if you were an octopus?

One Day More.

Jeanne S.—But will you love me in the cold December as you do in balmy June?

Harry Etter—More, darling.

Jeanne S.—More?

H. Etter—Sure! There's one more day in December.

L. Suydam—What is the meaning of history?

K. Lynch—The evil that men do.

Clapp—Waiter, are you sure this is ox-tail soup?

Waiter—Yessuh.

Clapp—But Joe found a tooth in it. How do you account for that?

Waiter—Well, I don't know, suh; but I reckon dat ox must have been biting his tail.

Freshman Spanish.

Miss Culver (translating about a cow)—La vaca—he, he—

Teacher—He is she, Miss Culver; we milk her in the next sentence.

A Garland—I know where you can get a good chicken dinner for a dime.

R. Nolthenius—Where?

A. Garland—At the feed store.

Not a Sunday Liar.

"Curlew" White—Hollywood has a queer code of ethics.

A. Townsend—How so?

"Curlew" White—He will go fishing on a Sunday, but you can't get him to talk about his trip until Monday, as he has conscientious scruples.

Nautical Wit.

R. Walden—Why do they call boats "she"?

H. Van Brunt—Because they can't make speed unless there are buoys around, I suppose.

Explaining the Baseball Game.

H. Swenson—There are several points of the game that I wish you would explain.

C. Baldwin—Where shall I begin?

H. Swenson—I should like to—er—know more about the squeeze play.

Amenities.

Gert. Kelly—Did he kiss you good-bye?

She—Why, yes.

Gert.—How singular!

She—No; plural.



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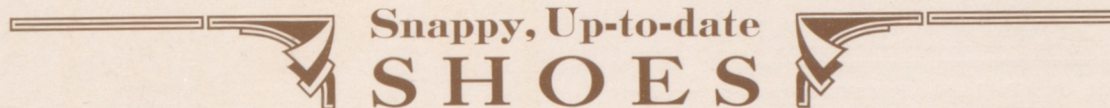
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E. Funke—If you kiss me again I'll shake you!
"Tough" Asche—Double or nothing.

Why, Sayre.

"Does Sayre make a fuss over his new auto?"

"Yes, and under it, too."

Teacher (in Physics)—Mr. Vaughan, why does one have to remove the bung from a barrel before the liquid will flow from the faucet at the bottom of the barrel?

Vaughan (very fussed)—I—er—I haven't had any experience with barrels.

The Best They Could Do.

Charlotte C.—I wonder why they hung that picture?

O. Mills—Perhaps they couldn't catch the artist.

By Edna Close.

The reason some girls never learn to flirt is they can do it best without learning.

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One on Doris.

D. Ives—You know, my dear Harold—

L. Pearson—Harold? You meant to say Linford, didn't you?

Doris—Oh, how silly of me! I thought this was Wednesday night!

Bud—I've been trying all evening to say something to you.

Grace B.—It wasn't "good night," was it?

The Modern Medium.

If you really loved me all the time, why didn't you let me know?

Le Count—I couldn't find a post-card with the right words on it.

Teacher (in botany)—How many sides are there to a tree?

"Ki" Reed—Two, the inside and outside.

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LEHNHARDT'S CANDIES

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Duke—Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?
C. Clapp—Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

F. Stack—Why is cold cream like a good chaperon and a pair of gloves?

N. Barz—Because it keeps off the chaps.

Expert Opinion.

Brewer—Do you think I'd make a great football player?

She (thoughtfully)—No, dear; I'm afraid you'd be penalized for holding.

He put his arms around her,
And the color left her cheek,
And it showed upon his overcoat,
For just about a week.

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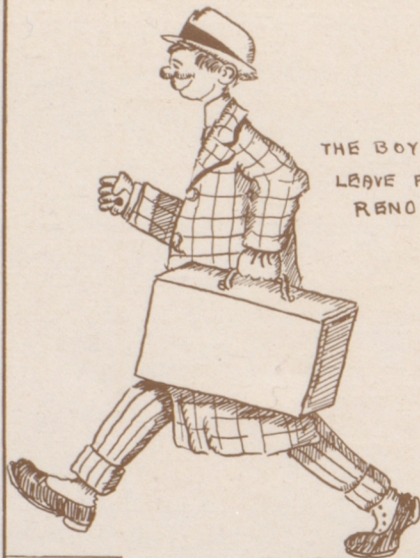
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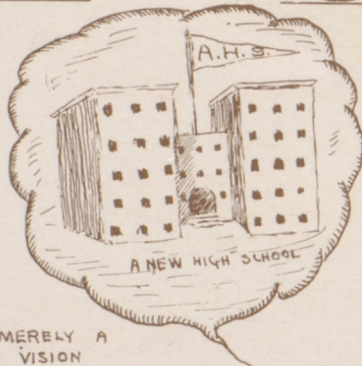
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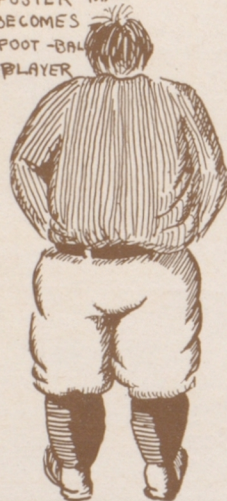


THE BOYS
LEAVE FOR
RENO



MERELY A
VISION

FOSTER M.
BECOMES
A FOOT-BALL
PLAYER

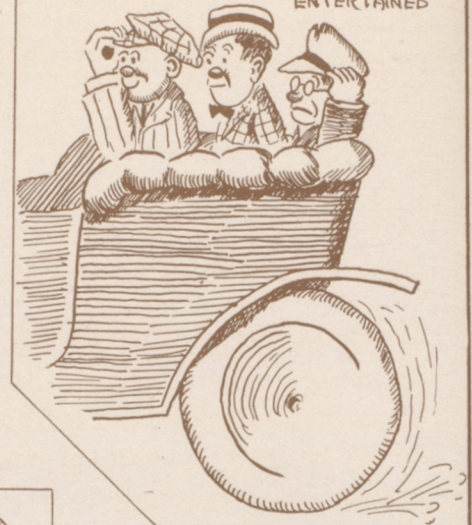


WELL ANY HOW
WE BEST
FREMONT

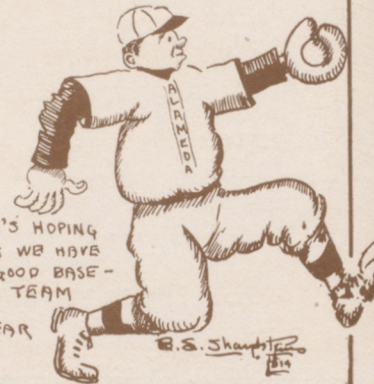
A MID-WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM
(FOR A SENIOR)



THE RENO BOYS ARE
ENTERTAINED



HERE'S HOPING
THAT WE HAVE
A GOOD BASE-
BALL TEAM
NEXT
YEAR



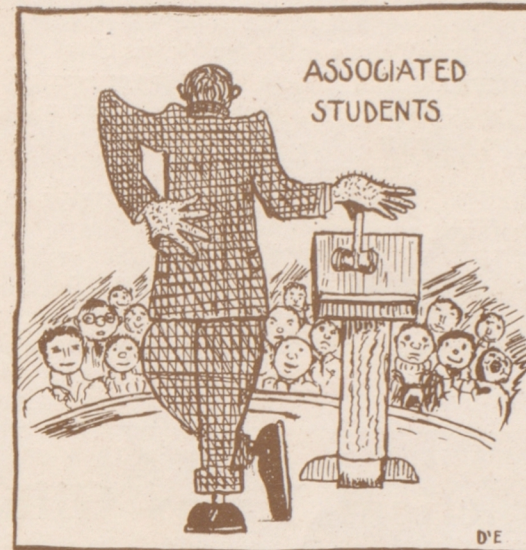
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Teacher—Which is the longest word in the English language?

Francis McDonald—Smiles; because there is a mile between the first and the last letters.

Want Ad Section.

Wanted—A rag doll and a rattle for Morris Clark.

Wanted—A strong man to help Bill Brewer crack jokes.

Will Pay Cash—For a good mechanical drawer to do Miss McMaster's drawing for her. Apply to R. Von Schmidt.

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Lost—Near High School, an umbrella belonging to a fellow with a bent rib and an ivory head piece.

Found—A joke in the josh box. The case will be immediately placed in the hands of the noted local detective.

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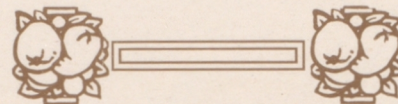
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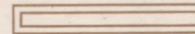
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Teacher—What commodity was imported into England which brought great revenue to the government?
Ruth Heidt—Jews.

Oh, Answer the Child!

"Pa, was Job a doctor?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?"

Getting Along.

"Miss Elder is much older than I thought."

"Impossible!"

"Well, I asked her if she had read Æsop's Fables, and she said she read them when they first came out."

One Way to Decline.

R. Baker—I'm going to propose for the last time.

H. Westbrook—Well, then, you are going to be a bachelor.

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THE BOOTBLACK

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The Girl's View.

He and she arrived in the fifth inning.

He (to a fan)—What's the score?

Fan—Nothing to nothing.

She—Goody! We haven't missed a thing!

Ye Sign of Ye Acorn

Across the Street
From the High School

Miss Campbell

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HYDRO PURA

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At the Ball Game.

E. McKimmins—Did you understand the game?

N. Barz—I don't remember much, except that it was all settled by a man they called vampire.

A Change of Spacing.

Little Bobby will not go,
Seems he'll stay eternally,
Watching sister and her beau
Sitting there, just He and She.
But the time drags slowly by,
And he leaves them finally.
Much relieved, they softly sigh,
Sitting there, just He and She.

The Crown Cyclery

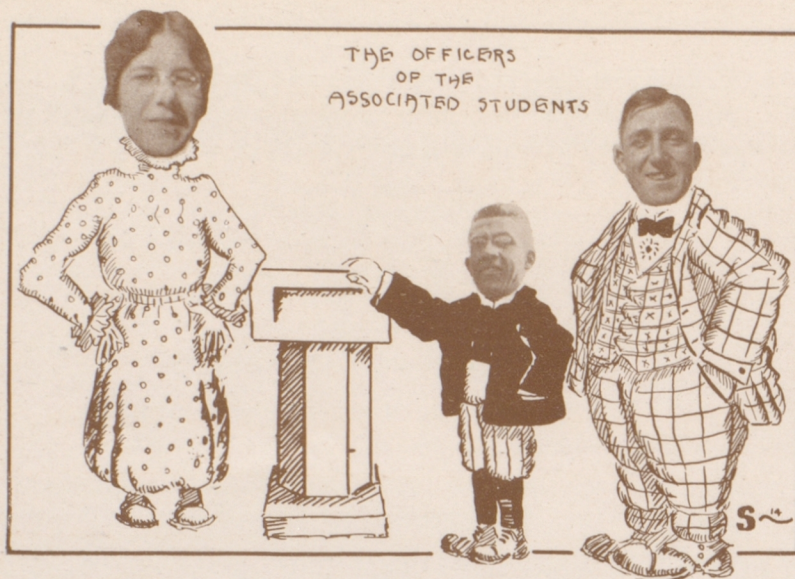
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Unattired.

Astronomy Teacher—Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?

E. Payne—Nothing, judging from her pictures.



Retaliation.

Father—You have no sense. I'm going to cut you off with a million!

Son—If you do, I'll disgrace the family by riding around in a second-hand auto.

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At the Game.

"A man on first and third!" said he

"Here's where we work the squeeze!"

"Oh, Charlie, dear, not right out here—it is so public, please."

The Sweet Thing.

Fair Visitor—Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door!

Hostess—No trouble at all, dear. It's a pleasure.

Rather Loud, Eh?

Mike—I understand that Ethel's new dress is the last cry in harems.

Ike—Yes; it's a regular scream.

Between Girls.

"What foolish things a young man will do when he's in love,"

"Oh, Agnes! I'll bet Jack's proposed!"

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A Withering Glance.

I once had a doggie, named Spark,
Who met with an auto at dark;
I gave him a glance
That pressed out his pants,
And tore off a part of his bark.

Caught!

Bill—Ever read "Looking Backward?"
Dexter—Yes, once in an examination, and I was canned
for it.

Sure Thing.

When you hear a prominent alumnus telling about the good
old days, he usually means the nights.

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Enough to Kill It.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the young girl, "that pretty plant I had setting on the piano is dead!"

"Well, I don't wonder," was all the father said.

Couldn't Trust Him.

Judge—Why didn't you stop beating him when he cried "Enough"?

Sambo—W'y, ye see, sah, dat fellah is sich a liah ye can't nevah beliebe 'im."

Respecting the Board.

"When Hemmandhaw's children don't learn their lessons, he spansks them with a paddle."

"He does?"

"Yes; and the children call the paddle their 'board of education'."

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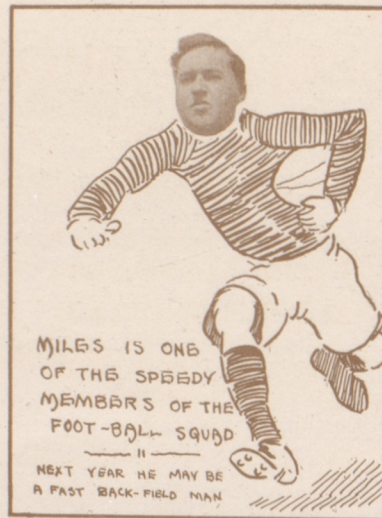
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Poor Billy.

Bill Brewer—Emma, will you have a boiled onion?

Emma Watson—Why, Billy, I'm engaged; but anyway you can consider me as your sister.

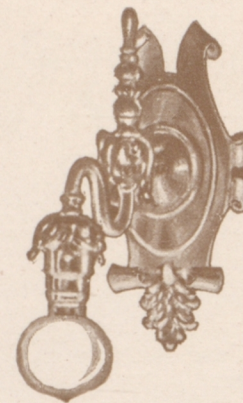
A. Ives (blushing)—Isn't it a most fortunate thing?

E. Hebrank—What?

A. Ives—That people can't read the kisses that have been printed upon a girl's lips.

In the game of love the fellow with the royal diamond flush can always stay in against a pair of hearts.

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Snapped Him Up.

The fair young creature was becoming very impatient and finally exclaimed:

"Mercy!" We've waited thirty minutes. We'll miss the opera waiting for that mother of mine!"

"Hours, I should say," he returned, none too sweetly.

"Ours?" she cried, rapturously. "Oh, Will, this is so unexpected!" Then she fell upon his neck.

A War Query.

"When was Constantinople's fall?"

"I bite."

"Right after the summer, you boob!"

Some Shape.

"Some shape, eh, what?"

"Yes, figuratively speaking."

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SCALP TREATMENT

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

"She's a corker!"

"Who is?"

"Why, that girl who works down at the bottle factory."

Described Minutely.

L. Harms—Weren't you and Dorothy talking for about three hours?

A. Moe—Yes; I was telling her how my little hat is trimmed.

Obliging Her.

The sweet young thing was being shown through the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

"What is that thing," she asked, "pointing with her dainty parasol.

"That," answered the guide, "is an engine boiler."

She was an up-to-date young lady and at once became interested. "And why do they boil engines?" she inquired again.

"To make the engine tender," politely replied the resourceful guide.

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L. Pearson—She was dressed in the height of fashion, I suppose?

Brewer—I can't say that; styles seem to be dropping off a bit.

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A. Hardin—Did she let you?

Duke—No; but she said she would send me a picture of it.

Fred Terry (in Mechanical Drawing)—What is a circle?

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Meter has its rhythm;

Meter has its tone;

But the best way to meter

Is to meet her alone.

Perkins—I'm doing my best to get ahead.

Etter—Well, heaven knows you need one.

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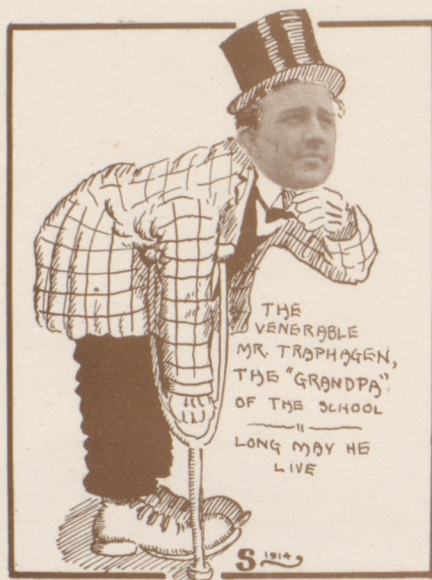
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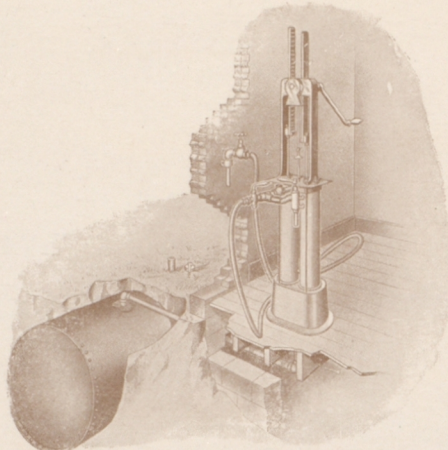
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Ken Lynch—Say, did you hear about Clarkie?

George Palmer—What about him?

K. Lynch—Why, he took Marion Walden to a dance and while they were eating refreshments he noticed a thread on her sleeve. He went to take it off, but instead of coming off, it began to pull out. Clarkie tugged away and in a few minutes pulled out quite a handful of thread. He threw it away and thought nothing of it. The next day Ruth Heidt asked Marion if she had a good time. Marion said, "I had a fine time, but all today I have been wondering what became of my union suit."

Teacher—Fools ask questions that wise men cannot answer.

H. Dexter—Now I know the reason why I flunk in my examinations.

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"Why is there water in watermelons?"

"I suppose it's because they're planted in the spring."

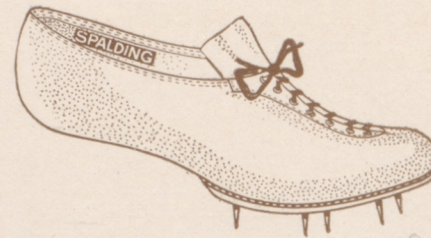
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Teacher—Well, don't do it again.

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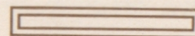
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"Grate.—How do you feel?"

"Like a bunch of lead pencils."

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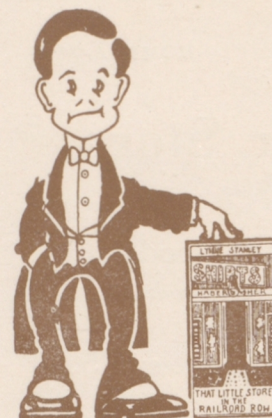
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A. Garland (in Physics)—What is the matter with this pendulum? It makes only thirty-two osculations per minute.

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Le Count (for the first time in Capwell's and wishing to find the escalata), boldly asked the floor walker if he could tell him where the osculation was.

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G. Palmer—You are the first girl I ever kissed.

M. Henreci—I thought you had a good bit to learn.

Latham—I used to sing in a choir once.

Dennison—For how long?

Latham—Until they found out what was the matter with the choir.

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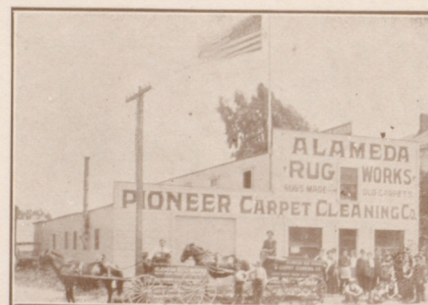
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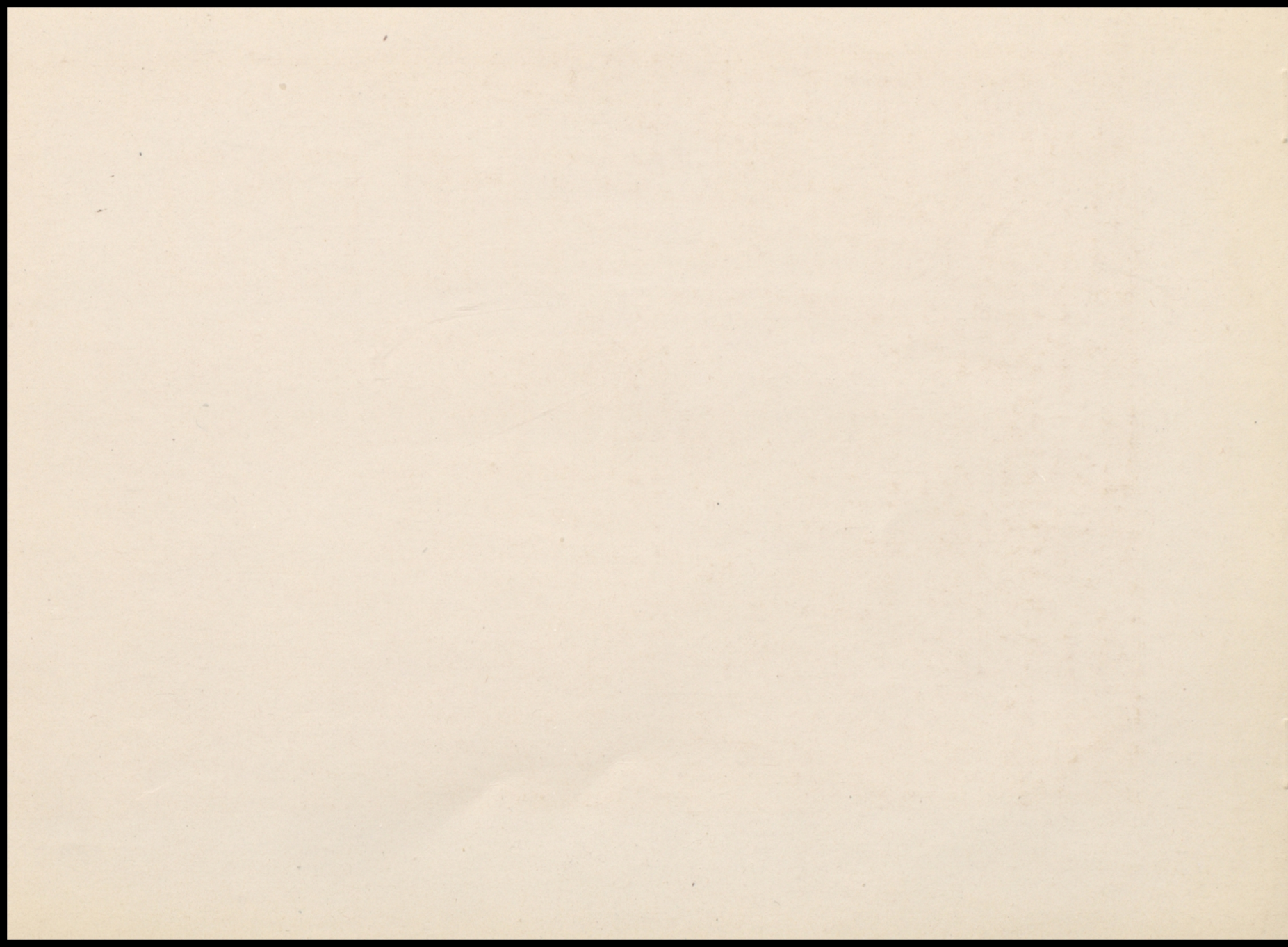
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